National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY EDITOR.

Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, COR. EDITORS.

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Selections.

LETTER FROM J. McBRIDE.

[From The True Wesleyan.]

BRO. LEE: In a letter which appeared in the *True Wesleyan* of the 17th ult., I gave account of a meeting to be held in Greensboro', North Carolina, on the 20th of May, to stop all "abolition agitation" in the county of Guilford.

According to notice, at 1 o'clock, P. M., from four to five hundred men assembled—appointed a chairman and secretary. The former, after taking his seat, arose and said: "It is my duty to explain the object of this meeting; but I will call on Franklin Caldwell to discharge that duty."

Mr. Caldwell, Esq., said the object of the meeting was "to put a stop to Abolition movements, which have been and are causing great excitement, disturbance, strife and divisions among us;" that "he had his opinions concerning these movements, and at a [illegible] time he would give them *in full*, and that not in the corner, but on the house-top."

"Give them *now!* Give them! Let's have them! Yes, we want them now, and now is the time, for we've been hearing of your opinions respecting these preachers," exclaimed some of the crowd.

"I know," said C., "I am misrepresented."

"G-d d—n you, you *are not misrepresented.* If you were, you would not be so backward to give your sentiments," responded one of the company.

"Caldwell said, "The men who called this meeting will not nigh all be present; it will not do to allow the meeting to fall through, or be a failure; it had better never have been called, than that this should be the case. I had not expected to speak—have made no preparations for so doing, but if I must, I must. Slavery is a sin, an evil, but it is amongst us. The Northern States have sold us their slaves; we have it here, and can not abolish it. Rats in your barn" (pointing to a barn close by) "would be an evil, but it would be a greater evil to burn the barn to destroy them, than to allow them to remain. I have never heard these men preach, but understand they use very reprehensible language—that they are exciting the servant against his master; are causing divisions in churches, families and neighborhoods; they do not obey the commandments of Christ; He told his disciples, when they were persecuted in one city (place), to flee to another. They ought to be, *must be*, punished severely; we must appoint men to attend their meetings, to watch them and catch them in their words—must use vigilant means to get rid of them; we must execute the law against them rigidly; severe as it is, we must inflict it on them to its fullest extent."

Caldwell was a memebr of the Legislature of N. Carolina last winter. Though he spoke of executing the law, it was but too evident that he would like *others* to lynch us.

John A. Gilmer, one of the attorneys on the part of the State against Rev. A. Crooks and myself—a member of the senate last winter—was next called out. He labored hard to excite the mob spirit covertly, made great profession of being "a law-loving and law-abiding citizen;" flattered the Quakers; said they never had "any trouble with them—they were quiet and peacsable," i. e., they did not preach or vote against Slavery.

Lawyer Dick, son of the Judge who resides in Greensborough, said he was known to "be a great lover of law and order, but that the usual process of law was too slow and tardy to prevent the aggressions of Bro. Crooks and myself." Said he, "they are too sly and cunning for us; they do not commit open violations of the law, out of fear of punishment. McBride was convicted in Forsyth, appealed to the Supreme Court, can give any amount of security in *our own county*, for his appearance, and is now running at liberty, preaching against our institutions, will not be punished before Fall, by the usual process of law. We have a perfect right, according to law, to stand in self-defence to protect our persons and property; these men are interfering with our rights and property, and for one, I go in for a short and speedy process in getting rid of them. The object of this meeting is to make arrangements and concert plans to drive them off, or get rid of them in some way. We had better, far better, never have called this meeting, than to talk of the usual process of law; it will be an entire failure, and our cause must suffer. No, sir; we *must* and we WILL get rid of these men in some way, and *that speedily*." And then followed a perfect tirade of abuse against the preachers—the evil consequences of their preaching was portrayed in the most horrifying colors; you might almost see streams of fire leaping forth from the house roofs in Greensborough—see affrighted women running and striving in vain to escape from the butcher-knife, the axe, the club, or incendiary's torch—hear the crashing of falling timber, the cracking of fire, the screams of women and children, the groans of the dying—see the streets flowing with blood, and almost feel your own flesh quiver at the very thoughts of such horrid scenes, as would be likely to follow the preaching of Anti-Slavery doctrine—preaching against what the speakers themselves acknowledge to be "a sin, an evil"—preaching against bloodshed and war, fighting and quarreling, inequality and cruelty, oppression and degradation, injustice and inhumanity—preaching in favor of benevolence, the rights of man, equity, liberty, charity, the spread of the gospel, the extension of mercy, and good will to all men.

Lawyer McClain next followed, in a speech more fiery and inflammatery than Dick's, if possible.

A committee of seven, who had been appointed for the purpose, presented a resolution (which I have not seen), the purport of which was to appoint a committee to notify Bro. Crooks and me to leave the county immediately, and never again return; stating that if we did not leave, we must abide the consequences. The chairman of the committee said a minority of the committee were opposed to the resolution; that they had prepared a preamble and resolution, which he would read, if it was called for by the meeting. And then, by unanimous request, followed the reading of a lengthy preamble, accompanied by a brief resolution. The former was an elaboration of the evils of dissolving the Union of the United States, &c &c. The latter recommended the rigid execution of law against the Abolition preachers.

Dick, McClain, and others, were opposed; said they had "no use for that preamble and resolution; this," said they, "is no *Union meeting*—has nothing to do with it; we'll talk on that question at another time; we have met to devise plans to get rid of the Abolitionists. Let's have the short resolution, that's just the thing, *just what we want*; we had better have had no meeting than to adopt this lengthy preamble and resolution; there's no use in talking of the execution of law, it will not reach these men, it's entirely inadequate—will prove a perfect failure."

Here sprung up a debate, and perfect confusion all through the crowd; some were for the law, some for lynching, and some others for equal rights to all men.

John A. Gilmer, Esq., in order to deceive the ignorant (for, if I am correctly informed, there were some very good things in the preamble), moved to have the "short process" resolution attached to the preamble and resolution, recommending lawful punishment. And thus, said he, "we may make a *compromise*—all may be accommodated; we need have no trouble; our disagreements arise out of a misunderstanding!"

Now, see the insidiousness and craftiness of this motion! In order to blind the minds of the people, Gilmer would have a resolution recommending *lynching*, prefaced by a "Union" preamble, entirely irrelevant to the object of the meeting—by a motion recommending the enforcement of law, in order to beguile the minds of those who he knew would *not* favor lynching. With all his professed love of law, it is as clear as sun-beams, that his only design in offering this motion, was to get all, or as many as he could of that congregation, to throw sanction over what he intended to assist in doing, to wit: mobbing my humble self, and perhaps others. This same John A. Gilmer is a Presbyterian; prays every alternate morning in his family; the 20th came on Tuesday, and, as he prays on Sabbath, of course he had prayer on the morning of this meeting. His "old father" must have filled him with his spirit on that morning, and it might have truly been said, "O, full of all subtility, and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness: wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?"

The Dick party would not agree to the "compromise."

An attempt was made to take a vote on Gilmer's motion, but the crowd was in such a perfect state of confusion and excitement, they could tell nothing how the vote stood.

The Chairman attempted to speak, but, owing to the noise and confusion, he could not get a hearing. He said that "every body ought to know that Slavery was right, for Paul returned Onesimus, a runaway slave, back to his master."

Shortly after, the Chairmain declined trying to speak. He left his seat, and a young stripling of a lawyer took his place, speaking at the top of his voice; was taking the question on the "short process" resolution; a few of those close around him voted in the affirmative, and the negative was not taken. Some one spoke out, and said the chairman will appoint the committee to wait on the preachers. And without any formal adjournment, the people separated, disputing as they went.

Having come on a visit, Bro. Crooks was with me at Mr. Gardner's (my home), on the 20th of May. At 11 o'clock of the same day, Jacob Hiatt, Wilson S. Hill, S. H. Dick and Samuel W. Westbrook (Dr. S. G. Coffin waiting in the road), came to see us; said they were appointed and authorized to say to us, that we must leave Guilford county *immediately*, and never again return; and that if we refused to comply, we must abide the consequences.

After we had had some conversation, and prayed with and for the committee, Mr. Crooks told them he would have to leave the next morning, in order to meet his appointment. I told them that I could not consent to leave my congregation without a pastor.

Hiatt said, "*You shall never preach in Guilford again!*" and the committee bade us adieu.

It will be proper to remark, that I did not attend the meeting in Greensborough on the 20th—that the facts and proceedings were narrated to me by two reliable gentlemen, shortly after the close of the meeting; that I have, wherever I have placed in quotations, given the language verbatim as related to me.

On the 18th of May, "Rev." Hines, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held a meeting and delivered a discourse in Davidson county, near to one of our churches, the object of which was to show the injurious effects of my preaching, and to excite the mob spirit against me.

On the 23d of May, I had an appointment at Liberty Hill, our own church, on the line between Guilford and Davidson counties, at which time and place I was met by a tremendous drunken mob, headed by the *Rev.* Hines (referred to above), Hoover (a member of the Legislature a few years since, and M. E. class leader), and other official members of the M. E. and P. Methodist churches, all slaveholders.

After hitching my horse, as I was starting to the meeting-house, I was met by Hoover, who said, "Mr. McBride, you can't preach here to-day."

"I shall not ask you," reaching him my hand; and passing on, I came to the main body of the mob, all armed with clubs, pistols, &c., who were stationed across my road, evidently intending to stop me. I marched through their midst, shaking hands with them as I went. As I attempted to pass in at the door of the church, I was accosted by the guard, stationed at that place, as follows: "You can't go in here. You have been warned not to attempt to do so." And as they spoke, they seized hold of and pushed me backwards from the door; and in a very excited tone, one of them exclaimed, "You have ruined my slaves; I can't do a thing with them! Now, I'll give you five minutes to leave and if you ever return to this place again, you will have to suffer the consequences. Come, it is time you were going! *Be off immediately!*" At this moment, the drunken tools who were to do the dirty work of the occasion, came rushing on to me, drawing and striking at me with their huge clubs. As they were about laying hold of me, the ladies—the first to embrace, and the last to renounce the right—came flocking in their midst, warning, exhorting and praying them to desist, which diverted their attention. Such language as that clan used to those women, for vulgarity and baseness, never was excelled—could scarcely be used this side the dark walls of the infernal regions, except by these same foul-mouthed and, I fear, God-forsaken beings, who are equalled and surpassed in meanness only by their hypocritical leaders. Meantime, I stepped to one side, knelt in prayer a short time, after which I exhorted a little group, who had collected around me—spoke to a number of persons individually, and among others a fine appearing young man, who came with the mob. He became quite affected; said he was sorry for what he had done; he wept like a child. God grant that he may become as Saul of Tarsus—a convert, a preacher of righteousness. After the lapse of an hour, while I was engaged in comforting and exhorting the brethren, the leaders came to me, and Hoover ordered me to leave forthwith. After exhorting him to repentance, telling him of his danger, that his hoary head must soon be brought to the grave, citing him to the judgment, I told him we ought to pray before our separation. Asked him to kneel with me, getting on to my knees as I spoke. He turned pale as death, and his whole system seemed convulsed, as he said, "*No*, NO; *we did not come to pray!*" "Come," said the leaders to the drunken clan, "come, lay hold of him, we want no praying here. Stop him, don't let him pray." Like faithful servants, the drunkards came on to me, one of them seizing me by the throat, stopped my breath, and hushed my voice. At this moment, the women came rushing through the mob, gathered round and laid hold of me, and for a minute the mob loosed their hold of me. But the leaders cried out, "*Lay hold of him. Drag him out. Pick him right up!*" With renewed courage, the rowdies caught hold of the women and threw them round, as they would would so many dogs. As many of them as could, took hold of me and carried me four or five rods, then threw me on the ground; laying hold of my arms, were about to drag me, whom, making use of my feet, I walked, and commenced singing, "How happy are they," &c. One of the leaders yelled out, "Stop that singing." At the word, a big two-fisted wretch caught me by the throat, stopped my voice, and then, to make sure work, placed his filthy hand over my mouth. What a tumult! Some were crying, "bring on the rail!" Some, "don't hurt him; let him go." Some were swearing what ought to be done with me; while others were screaming, for fear I would be killed. In the midst of the uproar, one of the leaders cried out, "Take him, and throw him into his buggy!" which was done; my horse was unhitched and turned, and I was ordered to leave *instanter*. I sat and conversed with my friends, until every hope of doing further good by remaining had fled; meanwhile, the mob were ranting and threatening my life, to which I paid no apparent attention. I drove three-fourths of a mile, and held a colloquial interview with a number of the friends who followed me.

After I left, a magistrate attempted to take the names of the mob, whereupon they were going to inflict lynch law on him.

Some young women, non-professors, in order to mock him, requested the *Rev.* Hines to pray for them. On his refusal, they asked him to pray with his own company. But his *reverence* thought there was too much confusion and excitement to pray.

Just think of it, this same Hines, as above stated, spent the *Sabbath* previous to this uproar in beating up for volunteers to crush the supremacy of the law, both human and divine—to lynch a man for preaching the gospel. In order to prepare them for the occasion, Hoover and Hines, in company with their brethren of the M. E. and M. P. Churches, treat a pack of ignoramuses, of inebriates, and place themselves at their head, break up a religious meeting, abuse a number of innocent women, choke a man for, and drag him off his knees when praying, and threaten his life if he refuse to comply with their hellish requests. What an influence these *brethren* will exert over their flocks and the world. They hold up the Bible as a standard of right, and then threaten to kill men for obeying its teachings! But the "wrath of man shall praise Thee." I had urged the duty of secession at Liberty Hill—had preached secession sermons, but they were nothing to move the people to action in comparison to the work of Hines, Hoover & Co. On the day of the mob, several left their pro-slavery churches. These religious leaders demonstrated the doctrines we had been preaching, viz.: that slaveholders *are sinners*, and that good people commit *sin* to endorse their character as Christian, or to commune with them. They also opened the people's eyes in reference to elevating slaveholders to office in civil government; and in reference to the power of slaveholders, how the few rule the many. The good work *will go on*, "God rides upon the storm!"

In my next, I shall speak of my expulsion, &c.

Affectionately, J. McBRIDE.

Leesville, Ohio, June 31st, 1851.

ONESIMUS.

IT is well to remember, that all we know in regard to the particular case of Onesimus, is contained in the Epistle to Philemon. We are not at liberty to draw upon our fancy for facts. We must take them as given by the apostle. Let us, therefore, name several propositions which must be *positively proved*, before the conduct of Paul, on this occasion, can be cited, in reference to the subject of Slavery, to any advantage.

First, it must be shown that Onesimus was the *slave* of Philemon. This is the first point to be settled; for if the reasoning fails here, the whole application of the passage to the defence of Slavery, or to the rendition of fugitives, falls to the ground. We do not say that he may not have been a slave, nor that he was not a slave. We simply ask, is there sufficient proof of this assumed fact? In the sixteenth verse of this Epistle he is referred to as having been a "servant." *Doulos* is the term used in the original. Does this necessarily imply the Slavery of Onesimus? If so, the reason must be that this is the fixed and uniform meaning of the word in the New Testament; so that its mere use will at once settle the question. Now it so happens, that this is not the case. Dr. Robinson in his Lexicon tells us, that the term applies to voluntary or involuntary service. In many passages of the New Testament, it cannot mean a slave in the American sense of this term. "And whosever of you will be the chiefest, shall be the *servant* of all."—Mark 10: 44. Here plainly Christ does not mean a slave, but one who serves voluntarily. Simeon designated himself as the servant of God; Luke 2: 29. Such he was by choice—with his own consent. The apostles called themselves the servants of Christ; yet their servitude was in no proper sense analogous to that of modern Slavery. Men are spoken of as the servants of sin, not that they are compelled to be sinners, but are such of their own free choice. Hence, it will not do to decide upon the Slavery of Onesimus from the mere use of the word. Granted that he *may* have been a slave, held in bondage under a property-tenure; but not granted, that he *was* such until the fact is proved. For aught that appears in the term, he may have been an apprentice, or may have contracted an obligation of service by his own voluntary act.

Moreover, there are no circumstances adverted to in this Epistle, which necessarily suppose the point to be shown, and may not be fully explained without assuming it true. It is implied, though not positively stated, that Onesimus had fled from the service of Philemon without his knowledge or consent; but all this he may have done, if he were not a slave. He is also spoken of as having been "unprofitable," but this does not prove his service to have been that of Slavery. It is farther supposed, that he may have wronged Philemon, or owed him something; but neither of these hypothetical circumstances establishes the Slavery of Onesimus. Cannot a man wrong another without being his slave? Cannot he owe another, and yet not be a slave? Indeed, it is difficult to see how the last supposition can be true, if he is a slave in our sense of the term. Philemon also, is exhorted to receive him as a brother beloved, "both in the flesh, and in the Lord." "In the Lord, as a Christian," "in the flesh," in whatever relation formerly subsisted between them. What was the character of this relation? The phrase, "in the flesh," does not answer this question.

On the whole, we suggest, that it would be well to prove the *actual* Slavery of Onesimus from the inspired text, rather than hastily assume it. That it *may* have been a fact, we do not deny. That it was so, is the point we should like to see established, especially on account of the logical use to which the assumption is applied.

Secondly, in order to make the apostle sanction the capture and forcible return of fugitive slaves, it must be shown that this transaction is the *essential parallel* of what he did in the case of Onesimus. Here, we apprehend, the argument most signally fails. What did Paul do? Did he put the person of Onesimus under arrest, and compel him to go back contrary to his own consent? Plainly not; for the return of the fugitive was wholly voluntary on his own part. Did the apostle as an inspired teacher, command him to return, on the ground of duty—the rightfulness of Slavery, and the wrong of fleeing from it—even supposing him to have been a slave? This may be supposed, but it is merely supposed. There is not a fact in the Epistle to show its truth. True, he speaks of sending him again. "Whom I have sent again." So, also, he sent Epaphroditus and Tychicus, but not compulsorily. Neither, so far as appears, did he send Onesimus compulsorily; and that he did not, is certain from the facts. He also speaks of having had a desire to retain Onesimus, which he would not do without the consent of Philemon. But this does not show either that the former was a slave, or that Paul commanded him to go back as such. All that is here said, might have been just as true if the fugitive had been an apprentice, or one who had broken his engagements. But was not the apostle the first to propose the return, and advise it? Of this there is no evidence. For aught that appears, the proposition first came from Onesimus himself. What, then, did the apostle positively do? He gave Onesimus a letter of introduction and commendation to Philemon, in it implying that the one had been engaged in some species of service to the other, from which, for some reason, he had fled. He made him the bearer of the message. This is the whole of Paul's action in the premises, so far as known.

Now between this and the forcible capture and return of a fugitive slave to his master, as practiced in this country, there certainly is no just analogy. In the case of Onesimus we have no sufficient proof of Slavery, neither was there any compulsion. It depended wholly on himself, whether he would return or not. It is not so with the slave of this country. He hates his bondage, as shown by his escape. He dreads a return to it, as evinced by his efforts to evade it. There is some difference between the known facts in such a case as that of Henry Long, and that of Onesimus. What Paul did in the one, does not in the remotest degree imply his approval of the other.

Finally, it must be further shown that he sent Onesimus back to the State of Slavery. This is the fact in respect to captured fugitives in this country. Have we the same fact in the person of Onesimus? Far from it. What is Paul's idea of the manner in which Philemon should and would receive him? "Not now *as* a servant, but *above* a servant, a *brother* beloved, especially to me, but how much more unto thee, both in the flesh, and in the Lord." "If thou count me therefore a partner, receive him as myself." Suppose that Onesimus had been a slave; still, it is very plain that Philemon could not have complied with the directions of Paul in continuing him as such. He sends him back not as lost property, but as a brother, a Christian, to be received and treated as such. If the phrase "as a servant," implies that he had been a slave, then the phrase "above a servant" as clearly implies, that in Paul's expectation and purpose he was to be such no longer. Should Philemon fail to carry out these expressed wishes, as the apostle from a knowledge of his character, seems to have been confident he would not, still this would not alter the case, as it stood in the mind of Paul, and was fully expressed by his words. Thus, even admitting that Philemon was a slaveholder, and Onesimus a slave, we have not in this Epistle the least authority for our American system of capturing fugitive slaves. We think those who have sought to defend this system by an appeal to the example of Paul, should prove what they have never yet proved, or relinquish this argument. Let them show, first that Onesimus was a slave; secondly, that he was compelled or required to go back to Philemon contrary to his own consent; and thirdly, that he was sent back to be a slave. These points being shown, not assumed, we shall then have a genuine case under the sanction of the apostle. Until this is done, we take the liberty of saying that the argument is entirely inconclusive. It is not enough merely to appeal to the case. This is not sufficient. Neither will it do to add to the apostle's words. This is not admissable.—*New York Evangelist.*

KIDNAPPING—SEQUEL.

IN our last paper we gave the particulars of a rumor then current here, that Elizabeth Williams, the colored girl who a few days before had been sent to Delaware as a fugitive slave, was confined in Elkton Jail where she had been placed by the authorities of that town to await an investigation into the alleged owner's right to hold her in Maryland. The following letter and extract throw some additional light on the subject, and detail facts which show one of the most daring attempts to convert a servant for years, into a slave for life, we have heard of for a long time:—

"*Elkton*, July 9, 1851.

"Yours of the 3d instant came duly to hand, and the delay in replying to it is owing that I wished to get as much information in regard to the inquiries as I could, which I hope will be a sufficient apology.—As far as I can ascertain in regard to the colored woman you spoke of, she belonged to George McCrone of Delaware. She was free born, but for some criminal offence she was sold by order of the Court in that State, on the 20th of June 1846, for a term of seven years, to serve in said State. McCrone purchased her, and after some time she ran off, and got into Chester county. When he brought her home he sold her and a black man, (which he also bought out of jail on the 7th of June 1850, for same term of years, to serve in said State,) to one Elias Nandine (or Naudine), who, contrary to the laws of Delaware, brought them to this place, I suppose for safe keeping, until next morning, for what purpose I cannot ascertain, but when he was about to remove them next morning, the blacks became alarmed and resisted going. They were then committed to our jail for an investigation. Naudine could show no authority for them at that time. He returned the next day with the papers, but still they would not go with him. He then sold the woman back to William McCrone, a brother of her former owner, who lives in Delaware, and whom she was willing to live with. The man is yet in jail. As to what the object was in bringing them here, I cannot tell, but it looks suspicious, and it is very certain he violated the laws of Delaware, and I have no doubt the law will be put in force against him."

The following extract is from a letter received by a gentleman in Wilmington, from a friend in Elkton:

....."On the night of the 1st instant, Naudine and two others arrived at Elkton, with the man and woman in question in their custody—immediately after the cars had passed through for Baltimore. They no doubt intended to take the cars, but arrived too late. They (the slaves) were then taken to the house of Thomas McCreary, and secured in his garret. Next morning, about ten o'clock, McCreary in company with Naudine, in order more firmly to secure the slaves, went into the room where they were secreted, carrying hand-cuffs, intending to put them on the man, upon seeing which he attempted to escape.—McCreary caught him, and dragged him back, when he cried murder so lustily as to alarm and bring to the house a crowd of the citizens. The couple (negroes) were lodged in jail to give time to investigate the matter. Two or three days ago, Naudine and McCreary returned to Elkton to take their slaves back to Delaware—so at least they professed. The woman consented to go—the man refused. They took the woman and left the man in jail. So the matter rests at present."

It will be recollected that the McCreary here here spoken of is the notorious kidnapper of that name who was the most criminal of those who abducted the boy "Bony" from this county two years ago, for which Amos McFarlan and Solomon States were sent to the penitentiary, where, had the then Governor of Maryland possessed less of a fellow feeling with criminals of this character, he would now be. Many of our citizens suspected, from the first, that the object in getting *the girl back to Delaware* was to send her south. As they supposed McCrone to be a man of common sense, and to be governed by the motives which usually induce human action, they could not conceive that any one would be at the trouble and expense he had, to secure the service for two years, or even for double that time, of one who appears to be anything but trustworthy. We should add something more to this, but we presume an investigation will be had, which, should it take place, will unfold some startling facts. More anon.

Since the above was in type, the *Cecil County Whig*, of the 12th inst., has come to hand. It fully corroborates the statements above given. In speaking of the colored man, it says:

"The immediate cause of his outcry was an attempt to handcuff him, and the general impression is that if he had not made himself heard as he did, he would have been by this time in a clime not much troubled with snow."

After giving an account of the girl, ending with her delivery, by Jas. L. Jones, Esq., U. S. Commissioner, to Mr. McCrone, to serve until 1853, it adds:

"In three days after we find her in the house of Thos. McCreary, in Elkton, brought there by Elias A. Naudine, for what purpose will have to be guessed, by those who have no certain information."

[Examiner & (Westchester, Pa.) Register.

COM. STOCKTON AT ELIZABETHTOWN.

IT is rarely the case that the anniversary of our Independence is devoted to the developement of party or sectional purposes. It is still more rare to find a speaker lauding himself, or alluding to his own grievances on a day sacred to Freedom, and hallowed by all the choicest memories of the past. But it is a matter of mortification to find a Senator of time-honored New Jersey, uttering such sentiments as are put into the mouth of Com. Stockton by the reporter of the *Daily Advertiser*. We could have scarcely believed it possible that any man could be found in our State, who would stand up and boldly proclaim, with John C. Calhoun, that the doctrine of the equality of men, with regard to political rights, was false and a mere humbug. We did not believe that a Senator of New Jersey would be willing to declare in case of a separation, that his State should link its fortunes with a Southern confederacy. We have indeed fallen upon evil times; but we are not wholly disgraced. On another spot, for a long period the head-quarters of the American army, another Senator proudly supported the honor of the State, maintained the inviolability of the Union, and in eloquent and living tones stood true to the language of that Declaration, the anniversary of which was celebrated.

We cannot let this occasion pass with an ordinary notice. The language of our public men becomes the property of the State, and adds to its just renown, or disgraces its character at home and abroad. Their declarations are subject to remark and criticism, and in our opinion the recent address of Com. Stockton was conceived in the worst possible taste, and under no extenuating circumstances. We make the following extract:

> The speaker alluded to a letter written by him last fall, some sentiments of which gave offence, and called down upon his head untiring and unmitigated abuse. He has seen no good reason for changing his language in the least.

The letter alluded to was a direct charge upon the Whigs of New Jersey, and their Senators and Representatives in Congress, of being unfaithful to the Union and the Constitution. "*He has seen no good reason for changing his language in the least*;" and this declaration he makes on a day consecrated by all the remembrances of freedom, and in a spot where the Whig spirit burns as strongly now as in the days of the Revolution. What propriety is there at a celebration of this character thus to reflect upon a majority of the citizens of his State? Could not these false and slanderous assaults be promulgated on some other occasion and day than the anniversary of freedom. But let us make another extract from this promising commencement of the Commodore:

> Yet the envious Briton says, all men are born free and equal. This is not true. The idea of taking a single clause as the sentiment of the whole, is a violation of the common sense of mankind. The Declaration speaks of nations and people—not individuals, but communities. Thus all men are free and equal to choose whatever government they see fit. It never intended to say that any man was born free and equal to every other man.

What paltry quibbling is this with the language of an immortal document, which breathes the purest sentiments of personal freedom? Is it a Jerseyman who thus speaks of a principle which is the foundation of all freedom for the masses in every country and clime? "It is not true in a political sense that all men are born free and equal." This is the declaration of a Senator of the United States from the State of New Jersey, in this year of our Lord 1851. Call ye this Democracy? Heaven save us from such Democracy! The Declaration of Independence declares:

> "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

But we are told that "it never intended to say any such thing," and that "it referred to nations and not people." This is mere equivocation. Wherever, in every land, the people are deprived of life, liberty, or the pursuit of happiness, there—whether in the Emerald Isle, on the fields of down-trodden Poland, in the mountain-passes of gallant Hungary, or in the streets of the Eternal City—they have the right with strong hands and stout hearts to win, if they can, the possession of those inalienable rights to which they were born. Not only this, but the sympathies of every true man are with them in their struggle—not so much that they may win a national sovereignty, as that they may enjoy personal freedom. The views presented by Com. Stockton are only a re-hash of doctrines offered by John C. Calhoun, and received with derision by the masses of the people.

But our new senator must exhibit himself far in advance of his constituents, upon a variety of questions. From a report of his speech in the *Evening Bulletin* we make the following extract:

> In allusion to Mr. Webster's assertion that he would continue to oppose all further acquisition of slave territory, the speaker declared entirely different sentiments. He said that our nation would continue to acquire territory, so long as weak, oppressed and ill-governed countries lay contiguous to our own. This was its inevitable destiny, and he declared "*that the citizens of the South had a perfect right to carry their slave property upon all such acquisitions, and that any attempt of the General Government to invade that right was an aggression upon the guarantees of the Constitution!*"

The immaculate Daniel is nowhere upon this question, and is engaged as much as any of us, in breaking the Constitution. After being feted and toasted for having saved this glorious Union, he is told that he too is committing an aggression upon the rights of the South. When the well-paid correspondent of the *Bulletin* goes on to speak as follows, he states what is untrue and false:

> These sentements were received with loud demonstrations of approval from all parts of the house! In fact during the hour and a half occupied by the speaker, all his positions on the compromise questions were warmly cheered. The immense audience was mainly composed of the farmers of Essex county, a very large majority of whom are Whigs, and most of them a year ago were avowed free soilers. Com. Stockton is very popular with the people of this State, and to his powerful influences is this healthy change in the tone of public opinion mainly attributable. He is freely spoken of here, by both Whigs and Democrats, as a prominent candidate for the Presidency.

There is no kind of sympathy between the views of Commodore Stockton and those of the Whigs in New Jersey. He is not alluded to by either Whigs or Democrats as a suitable candidate for the Presidency; and only reached his present station by means of which no honorable man can boast.

In the letter of the *Bulletin*, however, the real meaning of this partizan effort leaks out. Commodore Stockton is to put Buchanan, and Cass, and Woodbury, and Dickinson entirely in the shade, and out-Herod them all in dough-faceism, as a candidate for the Presidency. We imagine, however, that long before the Commodore has a chance to run for the Presidency, *something will explode in New Jersey, that will shatter materially his prospects.*—*Newark (N. J.) Mercury.*

SLAVERY AND THE CAPTURE OF WASHINGTON CITY IN 1814.

THOSE who have attentively read the history of our last war with Great Britian, may have noted, that when the British in the Chesapeake evinced their intention of making a descent on either Baltimore or Washington, the President and his Cabinet ordered the regular force to be stationed at the Patuxent for the protection of the former, and made requisition on Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia for 10,000 militia for the defence of the latter, the number apportioned to Maryland being 6000, and to Virginia, for some reason or other, but 2000 men. And they may have further observed, that when the American forces made, near Bladensburgh, their stand against the British, who had now shown their destination to be the National Capital, the Virginia militia, though known, many days previous, to have been on their way, and within 50 miles of the scene of action, were still unaccountably absent, and so continued until our army being unable, for want of numbers, to cope with the enemy, fell back towards Georgetown, when one Virginia regiment, not numbering, probably, over one fourth of the required 2000, for the first time, reached the ground, but constituted both too small and too late an accession to be of any service in saving the Capitol from the vandal conflagration that followed.

In reading the history of this humiliating event, we used to wonder, as have doubtless many others, where were the militia of the once gallant old Dominion, that they did not fly, at the first alarm, to the defence of the menaced Capital, which stood so directly on her borders; and we were never able to find any solution to the mystery till we subsequently became a temporary resident of the Northern part of Virginia, the section upon which the requisition for the above mentioned number of militia had been made. Here we learned from the concurrent testimony of the best informed, the following fact, which as nothing of the kind has ever been published, we must be content to state on our own responsibility:

When the requisition on Virginia reached, through her Governor, General Madison, who was a brother of President Madison, and who was, at the time, the commandant of that division of the militia whose services were required, he promptly issued his orders collected his quota and commenced his march for the scene of action. Scarcely, however, had his force passed from Orange, Culpepper, Madison, and other adjoining Counties, from which it had been principally raised, before the slaves in all that section were seen to be in commotion. A rumor, it appeared, the source of which nobody knew, had suddenly spread everywhere among them, that some powerful Foreign Prince, from Africa, we believe they had it, with a sufficient force to accomplish his purpose, had arrived on the coast to give freedom to the slaves of Virginia. This rumor soon becoming confirmed news with them, they simultaneously quitted work, and without manifesting the least disposition to injure the whites, began, in their joyful excitement, to run from plantation to plantation, collect in bodies, and prepare to go off to meet their expected deliverers.

The white inhabitants, in the mean time, who, as has ever been the case with the whole South, were sensitively alive to the fear of a slave insurrection, and were now thoroughly alarmed by this movement among the blacks, as harmless as was the shape it had taken, sent off express after express to General Madison, whose force had a temporary halt in the vicinity of the Potomac, from which it was upon the point of moving to Washington, and begged him to return with his troops to quell the apprehended insurrection of the slaves. This at once completely paralyzed the movements of General Madison. He immediately marched back with the principal part of his force, leaving the rest, we believe, to remain on the spot to await the event, and be in readiness to return also, if wanted. Finding, however, in a few days, that the forces with which he had returned, were sufficient to over-awe the slaves, though he dare not again withdraw them from the infected district, he finally sent orders to the remnant he had left on the Potomac to move on to Washington, as they then did, but reached the place, as before stated, too late to be of any service.

If the opinions of the military men of the day, in deeming the battle of Bladensburgh to be of an indecisive character, and in considering that a small additional force would have enabled the Americans to have there made a successful stand, were well founded, who need doubt that had the Virginia Brigade, which had thus been recalled and kept back to take care of the slaves, been on the ground in season, the fortunes of the day had been with us, and the National Capitol saved from destruction?

To Southern men who talk of disunion, and Northern men who believe that it will ever be seriously attempted by the former, the fact we have just stated should be alike significant and instructive. Let them ponder upon it.—*Green Mountain Freeman.*

COLORED JURYMEN IN CANADA.

IT has been but a short time since a colored gentlemen was put on the Grand Jury in Toronto, C. W., which appears to have been very offensive to some of the "blue skin" Yankees there, who complained and curled up their noses at it. But the following paragraph from the pen of John T. Fisher, which we clip from the *Patriot*, will show that this outburst of ignorance and Yankee prejudice found no favor with the Judge, Sheriff, &c., who look deeper than the color of the skin for honest, intelligent men to sit as jurors.

Mr. E. Larwill, the disappointed pro-slavery aspirant, has again dipped his pen into the gall to kindle up the fire of prejudice against color. But it is a palpable failure, and this poor deluded man is politically dead, and should not be spoken of.

In reply to Mr. Larwill's observations upon the address of the jurors, I will only add, that I am happy to say to the gentleman, that the colored man in question has been appointed foreman of the jury three times in one day; that is, on three different cases. Thus the complainers saw that their complaint originated in prejudice and ignorance, which is the same case with Mr. Larwill.

How revolting is it, to find any man, in the middle of the nineteenth century, under the blazing sunshine of civilization and Christianity, and in a land of Bibles engaged in propagating such doctrines?—*Voice of the Fugitive.*

FUGITIVE SLAVES AT THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

LONDON, June 26th, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR: An interesting Anti-Slavery demonstration took place at the Great Exhibition on Saturday last, which our friends here have requested me to forward you an account of, as a circumstance which will no doubt be gratifying to the readers of the Liberator. The same idea appears to have arisen simultaneously in the minds of the Abolitionists on both sides of the Atlantic—the propriety of exhibiting to the representatives of the civilized world, congregated at the Great Exhibition, some specimens, not merely of hams, looks, revolvers, and firearms, but of the more peculiar staple produce of America—Slavery. The British have beaten the Americans, in fairness, in the illustrations of their manufactures. Along with the self-acting mules, jennys, and other machinery they have brought up, in *propria personæ*, specimens of that alleged proletarian class in this country, factory men, women and children, who are to be seen daily, in their common dresses, engaged in their ordinary employments. As the condition of the American slaves, according to the statement of their owners, is so much superior to that of the laboring classes of England, the Exhibition afforded the most favorable opportunity of contrasting the two, and thereby demonstrating the truth of their allegation. Side by side with the specimens of cotton, sugar and tobacco, ought to have been placed the human instruments of their production, whose appearance and verbal testimony would, if Southern statements be true, have triumphantly refuted the charge of cruelty and oppression which all the world now believes the Southerners guilty of. The extreme happiness of the slave upon the plantation, and his almost perfect satisfaction with his condition, would have been a sufficient guarantee for his safe return to his terrestrial paradise. The accounts, moreover, which they would have taken back to their fellow-slaves of the degraded and miserable condition of 'the white slaves of England,' would naturally have engendered in their breasts a feeling of profound gratitude to God and their owners for the felicity of their condition, and have completely dissipated all desire after that foolish chimera, liberty. The effect here would also have been most salutary; the public mind of this country would have been disabused of the erroneous and foolish notions of Slavery arising from the misrepresentations of 'interested Anti-Slavery orators;' George Thompson would no longer have had a chance for the Tower Hamlets or any other constituency; and, what is most important of all, the feeling which is now so rapidly growing in this country, and which appears likely to become universal throughout Europe, and that most hellish of all compounds,—democracy, Slavery, and Christianity,—constituting an American *per se*, is a being to be shunned, as a moral leper, by the rest of the world, would have been eradicated; and that the deadly nature of the sin of American Slavery having been perceived to be fallacious, due honor might then be rendered to the republican and Christian character of the United States. Such an experiment, however, it has not suited their purpose to make. Not a solitary specimen of the three millions of slaves, or of the 600,000 free colored people, has it pleased the Americans to send over; and the reflecting portion of the European public will no doubt draw their inferences from the fact, as to the truth of the relative statements of Abolitionists and slaveholders, as to the condition of the slaves in the United States.

Fortunately, we have, at the present moment, in the British Metropolis, some specimens of what were once American 'chattels personal,' in the persons of William and Ellen Craft, and Wm. W. Brown; and their friends resolved that they should be exhibited under the world's huge glass case, in order that the world might form its opinion of the alleged mental inferiority of the African race, and their fitness or unfitness for freedom. A small party of Anti-Slavery friends was accordingly formed to accompany the fugitives through the Exhibition. Mr. and Mrs. Estlin, of Bristol, and a lady friend, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Webb, of Dublin, and a son and daughter, Mr. McDonnell, (a most influential member of the Executive Committee of the National Reform Association—one of our unostentatious but highly efficient workers for reform in this country, and whose public and private acts, if you were acquainted with, you would feel the same esteem and affection for him as is felt towards him by Mr. Thompson, myself, and many others,)—these ladies and gentlemen, together with myself, met at Mr. Thompson's house, and, in company with Mrs. Thompson, Miss Thompson, and Miss Amelia Thompson, the Crafts and Brown proceeded from thence to the Exhibition. Saturday was selected, as a day upon which the largest number of the aristocracy and wealthier classes attend the Crystal Palace; and the company was, on this occasion, the most distinguished that had been gathered together within its walls, since its opening day. Some 15,000, mostly of the upper classes, were there congregated, including the Queen, Prince Albert, and the royal children, the Anti-Slavery Duchess of Sutherland, (by whom the fugitives were evidently most favorably regarded,) the Duke of Wellington, the Bishops of Winchester and St. Asaph, a large number of peers, peeresses, members of Parliament, merchants and bankers, and distinguished men from almost all parts of the world, surpassing, in variety of tongue, character and costume, the description of the population of Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost—a season of which it is hoped the Great Exhibition will prove a type, in the copious outpouring of the holy spirit of brotherly union, and the consequent diffusion, throughout the world, of the Anti-Slavery gospel of good will to all men. In addition to the American exhibitors, it so happened that the American visitors were particularly numerous, among whom the experienced eyes of Brown and the Crafts enabled them to detect slaveholders by dozens.

Mr. McDonnell escorted Mrs. Craft and Mrs. Thompson; Miss Thompson, at her own request, took the arm of Wm. W. Brown, whose companion she elected to be for the day; Wm. Craft walked with Miss Amelia Thompson and myself. This arrangement was purposely made, in order that there might be no appearance of patronizing the fugitives, but that it might be shown that we regarded them as our equals, and honored them for their heroic escape from Slavery.

Quite contrary to the feeling of ordinary visitors, the American department was our chief attraction. Upon arriving at Powers's Greek Slave, our glorious Anti-Slavery friend Punch's 'Virginia Slave' was produced. I hope you have seen this production of our great humorous moralist. It is an admirably-drawn figure of a female slave in chains, with the inscription beneath, 'The Virginia Slave; a companion for Power's Greek Slave.' The comparison of the two soon drew a small crowd, including several Americans, around and near us. Although they refrained from any audible expression of feeling, the object of the comparison was evidently understood and keenly felt. It would not have been prudent in us to have challenged, *in words*, an Anti-Slavery discussion in the World's Convention; but everything that we could with propriety *do* was done to induce them to break silence upon the subject. We had no intention verbally of taking the initiative in such a discussion; we confined ourselves to speaking *at* them, in order that they might be led to speak *to* us; but our efforts were of no avail. The gauntlet which was unmistakeably thrown down by our party, the Americans were too wary to take up. We spoke among each other of the wrongs of the slave; it was in vain. We discoursed freely upon the iniquity of a professedly Christian republic holding three millions of its population in cruel and degrading bondage; you might as well have preached to the winds. Wm. Wells Brown took Punch's 'Virginia Slave,' and deposited it within the enclosure by the Greek Slave, saying audibly, 'As an American fugitive slave, I place this Virginia Slave by the side of the Greek Slave, as its most fitting companion.' Not a word of reply or remonstrance from Yankee or Southerner. We had not, however, proceeded many steps from the place before the Virginia Slave was removed. We returned to the statue, and stood near the American by whom it had been taken up, to give him an opportunity of making any remarks he chose upon the matter. Whatever were his feelings, his policy was to keep his lips closed. If he had felt that the act was wrongful, would he not have appealed to the sense of justice of the British bystanders, who are always ready to resist an insult offered to a foreigner in this country? If it was an insult, why not resent it, as became high-spirited Americans? But no, the chivalry of the South tamely allowed itself to be plucked by the beard; the garrulity of the North permitted itself to be silenced by three fugitive slaves. It was the cowardice of men who evidently felt the injustice of their cause. The American citizens dared not come into court and plead to the indictment of American fugitive slaves, upon British soil, and before a British jury. Pro-slavery men well know they can only meet Abolitionists in two modes—in the press, by Bennett-black-guardism; in public meeting, by Rynders-ruffianism.

The American daguerreotypes next attracted our attention; and here we had an opportunity of commenting upon the conduct and character of the pro-slavery divines and statesmen, whose portraits disgrace the walls of the World's Exhibition. The loquacious exhibitor of Colt's revolver suspended the clicking of his murderous weapons, apparently to speculate as to 'whose those niggers might be.' He did not venture to make the inquiry.

In the Canadian department, there are some specimens of Indian corn, grown and sent over to the Exhibition by fugitive slaves. I wish that specimens of a similar nature had abounded in every direction.

We promenaded the exhibition between six and seven hours, and visited nearly every portion of the vast edifice. Among the thousands whom we met in our perambulations, who dreamed of any impropriety in a gentleman of character and standing, like Mr. McDonnell, walking arm-in-arm with a colored woman; or an elegant and accomplished young lady, like Miss Thompson becoming the promenading companion of a colored man? Did the English peers and peeresses? Not the most aristocratic among them. Did the representatives of any other country have their notions of propriety shocked by the matter? None but Americans. To see the arm of a beautiful English young lady passed through that of 'a nigger,' taking ices and other refreshments with him, upon terms of the most perfect equality, certainly was enough to 'rile,' and evidently did rile, the slaveholders who beheld it; but there was no help for it. Even the New York Broadway bullies would not have dared to utter a word of insult, much less lift a finger against Wm. Wells Brown, when walking with his fair companion in the World's Exhibition. It was a circumstance not to be forgotten by these Southern bloodhounds. Probably, for the first time in their lives, they felt themselves thoroughly muzzled; they dared not even bark, much less bite. Like the meanest curs, they had to sneak through the Chrystal Palace, unnoticed and uncared for; while the victims who had been rescued from their jaws were warmly greeted by visitors from all parts of the country. They were conscious that a knowledge of their own characters would have caused them to be shunned and detested. They saw that the knowledge of the fact of the Crafts and Brown being fugitive slaves ensured for them a cordial and honorable reception. The malignant scowl and sullen silence of the slaveholder were strikingly contrasted with the happy countenances and mirthful spirits of the escaped slaves. An artist could not possibly have had better models from which to delineate 'Guilt' and 'Innocence,' than the slaveholder and the slave, as they appeared in the World's Exhibition.

A British exhibitor has performed an act of kindness to the Americans, for which they ought to be grateful. At the eastern end of the nave, on the wall of the gallery, were ostentatiously emblazoned the stars, stripes and eagle of the American Union. He has erected a large organ in front of them, and hid them from the public gaze.

Our object was triumphantly effected. Unostentatiously, without the least parade, we gave the Americans a practical demonstration of the Anti-Slavery feeling of Englishmen. We asserted the principle, recognized by the world—from which America must be practically excluded, so long as she holds slaves—of the perfect equality, in civil and social standing, of the black and the white. We gave expression to the utter contempt of Europe for American prejudice of color.—We exhibited fugitive slaves at the World's Exhibition, and told Americans that although prevented by them from being where they ought to be, in their native land 'under their own vine and fig tree,' they were, at all events, upon British soil, where 'none dare make them afraid.' The Great Exhibition, I believe, will do good to the Anti-Slavery cause. The ministers from the United States, who are wise enough to discern the signs of the times, cannot fail to perceive elements now at work in the Old World, which must ultimately bring about the religious and social excommunication, not only of the holders of slaves, but of the tolerators of Slavery. The North may for a time be content to be dragged through the mire in its copartnership with the South in the guilt of Slavery; but its entire loss of religious and social caste in the world will be too heavy a price for it to pay, even from the lucrative gains of cotton merchandise. Almost every religious body in Great Britain and Ireland has now pronounced its sentence of excommunication, not only against slaveholders, but even the active or tacit supporters of the Fugitive Slave Bill. The most recent Anti-Slavery declaration has been that of the Congregationalists—a very influential body—whose resolutions I send you, in order that you may judge for yourself of their nature.

Brown and the Crafts have paid several other visits to the Great Exhibition, in one of which Wm. Craft succeeded in getting some Southerners 'out' upon the Fugitive Slave Bill, respecting which a discussion was held between them in the American department. Finding themselves worsted at every point, they were compelled to have recourse to lying, and unblushingly denied that the bill contained the provisions which Craft alleged it did. Craft took care to inform them who and what he was. He told them that there had been too much information upon that measure diffused in England for lying to conceal them. He has subsequently met the same parties, who, with contemptible hypocrisy treated 'the nigger' with great respect.

We are now endeavoring to get up some Anti-Slavery meetings in and about London, at which the working of the Fugitive Slave Bill will be explained, in order to arouse, if possible, a feeling which shall cause any pro-slavery delegate who may be sent over to the ensuing Peace Congress to assume his proper place. I will endeavor to attend its meetings, and send you over such portions of its proceedings as may bear upon that important question, of which the world may well envy you the honor of being the great apostle.

I am, dear sir, yours most truly,

Wm. Farmer.

W. L. Garrison.

——Alberti's Case.—The authorities of Maryland having taken some action in relation to the case of George F. Alberti, convicted some months since for kidnapping—the testimony of which was fully stated at the time of trial—yesterday, Attorney General Brent, of that State, visited the office of the Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions, and examined the bill of indictment upon which the prisoner was tried, and the other documents filed on record in this case, as a preparatory movement in taking steps for the adjudication of the whole matter before a higher judicial tribunal, provided there is any process at the present time by which it can be called up. It is understood that a large sum of money has been set apart in Maryland, to effect the liberation of the prisoner by the employment of legal means.—*Phila. Ledger.*

——Fugitive Slave Bill in Indiana.—At a Free Soil Convention held at Plymouth, Martial Co., Ia., on the 25th June, the following, among other resolutions were adopted:—

Resolved, That Congress has no power under the Constitution to pass *any* law for the recapture of fugitive slaves, much less to recognize or in any way lend its high sanction to that relation existing in some of the States under the odious appellation of Slavery: a term with which its framers refused to pollute the Constitution of the United States.

Resolved, That the position we take in the preceding resolution is warranted and sustained by the expressed opinion of Webster, Seward, Hale, Chase, and a host of others.

Resolved, That among these great names, however lowly fallen is *now* that of the Secretary of State, it must be remembered that these were the opinions of his better days before high federal stations, glittering in dazzling mist before his unsteady vision, demanded his *prostrate* devotion at the feet of Slavery.

Resolved, That laws of this character create no obligation for their observance; and that to require our *entire* obedience is to make an *important* parade of their tyranny, and to offer an insult to man's moral nature.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* Sydney Howard Gay, *New-York.*

†‡† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* Francis Jackson, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* Sydney Howard Gay, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1851.

BRITISH UNITARIANS AND SLAVERY.

It is not absolutely our intention to assume being an organ of the Unitarians either here or abroad, though circumstances seem to throw us into the position of a 'medium' between the foreign and domestic Anti-Slavery sections of that body. But no one, we presume, will deny that the sort of Anti-Slavery revival now in progress among Unitarians in England is an event of some consequence. Earnest and sincere men, men of high standing, socially and religiously, and of the highest intellectual and moral culture, are not, it must be acknowledged, likely to engage in this work from any quixotic, weak or impure motives. With them the question of the relation they are sustaining with American Unitarians, on this particular topic of Slavery, is a vital question. They recognize a serious responsibility in this matter, and as men determined to do right they are seeking to discharge that duty conscientiously and wisely. Is not this state of things one of some interest to Unitarians in this country? To put it upon no higher ground, should not mere respect for so large a number of Christians in another land render it proper that their brethren in this should be made acquainted with the agitation now going on among them? Yet the Unitarian organs in this City and Boston, the *Inquirer* and *Register*, are careful to conceal from their readers all knowledge of any such movement. The readers of those papers who depend upon them for information must be almost totally ignorant that their character and position is, at this moment, being thoroughly examined and weighed by their brethren abroad. Of course this is not accidental. The editors of the *Register* and of the *Inquirer* have precisely the same opportunities of information that we have, and we doubt not they turn with quite as much interest to the intelligence brought by every steamer. In suppressing this intelligence, so far as their own papers are concerned, they must do it systematically and with a motive. We are quite sure they do not look upon this agitation in England with contempt. We are quite confident that if their brethren there were discussing with as much warmth and interest the question of original sin, of vicarious punishment, the authenticity of a verse in the first Epistle of John, the American Unitarian papers would be very careful to keep their readers thoroughly informed of every step in the controversy. In ignoring this controversy upon Slavery, therefore, they do it not because of its unimportance, but exactly the reverse. They fear its effect upon the minds of their readers, who may be led by its light to new views of their own duty, and a new judgment of the position and doctrines of their teachers. The editors of these papers are leading and influential clergymen. They would scout with indignation a charge of hostility to every Anti-Slavery movement, though they would acknowledge that they can look with little favor upon the efforts of the American Abolitionists. To our thinking, no more striking evidence could be given of the spirit in which they regard any efforts that can be made towards producing a universal Anti-Slavery sentiment than the disposition they are, at this moment, displaying towards the Anti-Slavery movement of their English brethren.

We are happy, however, to know that among our own readers are many Unitarians, and we are confident that we are doing the cause good service in laying before them the action of members of that denomination abroad. The publication of the Resolutions and the reports of various Speeches made at the different meetings in England and Ireland will, we are sure, be none the less certain of exercising a good influence, because it, for the moment, may be unseen and may come through so illegitimate a channel as a mere Anti-Slavery paper. We should probably make this publication even were it also made through the Unitarian organs; it is the more necessary that we should do it, as they are careful to keep it out of sight.

In the London *Inquirer* of the 28th ult., we find a report of the Annual Meeting of the West Riding Tract and Village Mission Society, held on the 18th, and from it we make the following extract of the proceedings of the Society touching the subject of Slavery:

The Rev. C. Wicksteed, of Leeds, then said:—The ordinary business of the Tract Meeting was concluded; but he believed he was carrying out the business announced by Mr. Squire, to whom he had listened with great interest; the great principle that religion consists in love to our Heavenly Father, to our Saviour, and to one another, by bringing forward the case of fellow-creatures who are sorely destitute and oppressed, and calling the forgotten into remembrance. According to notice given, he called the attention of the meeting to the present aspect and exigencies of the American Slave question. He was thankful not to have to enlist the sympathy of the meeting on behalf of the Slave, as to the general duty we owe to him. He trusted that all present had from youth upwards felt a hearty admiration of those heroic men who had toiled to secure the emancipation of many, and the abolition of our part at least, of the Slave Trade. But the Slave Trade, it must be remembered, still existed; there were people crossing the Atlantic probably at this moment packed tier upon tier, row by row, with scarcely room to move, and not air to breathe, and only prevented from devouring each other in insanity, by the chains which bound them. We have washed our hands of our share in this horrible iniquity. So have the United States. We have further abolished the condition of Slavery in our dominions. So have not, however, our fellow-Christians in North America. There our own kindred and stock are continuing to hold their fellow-creatures in Slavery still. We had been believing in the gradual progress of the question of Abolition among them. For himself, when he had thought of the exertions of Channing, of Follen, of Furness, of Theodore Parker, the generous and persevering, even if impetuous and not always scrupulous enthusiasm of William Lloyd Garrison, of such a man as Frederick Douglass, a man of strong natural power, and generous affections, in his exertions on behalf of his brother blacks; when he had thought of those even who, while not uniting themselves to the Abolition movement, have yet borne their testimony against Slavery; against it as the misfortune and curse of their country—he had thought that all might be considered as, in more or less earnest manner, moving on the question towards a satisfactory solution. While thinking thus, he had felt some scruple about coming forward and reading lectures (so easy for us to do) to our friends on the other side of the Atlantic; he had felt no right to question their modes of action, if all agreed in denouncing the evil. But what an evil! And how necessary at least for all to be satisfied that it is being resisted and is diminishing. For although there is not so much of the old system of Slavery—not so much of manacling, and cutting, and slashing, and maiming as some years since—although people have come to understand that property has its worth, and will no more injure their slave and their horse or ox or ass; and although, therefore, the bulk of the slaves may lead a life of tolerable animal enjoyment,—yet nothing can provide against the bursts of passion and the freaks of irresponsible authority, nothing can blind us to the more terrible evil perpetrated against their minds, and hearts, and consciences. Three millions of human beings there are who cannot offer their worship to their Maker without the permission of their masters! Three millions of human beings who cannot seek instruction and knowledge without permission of their masters! Three millions of human beings among whom is not known the joy or the refinement of assured family relations! The wife may be torn from husband, and husband from wife, child from parent, and parent from child, at another's will. Not one woman among them is legally united to one man. Not one child belongs to his own parents. Not one parent is in secure possession of his own child. These relations may be wrenched asunder. There is a man now in this country who had a kind master; but that man appointed a new overseer. The overseer did not lash this man, for he was too good a man and workman for such treatment. But he made him pay a weekly sum out of his earnings. And when his exactions reached a point which it was impossible to fulfil, he punished him thus:—the slave went out in the morning to his work, and when he came back in the evening, his little happy home was broken up, and his wife and children had been taken away and sold. What wonder that this man at length fastened himself up in a chest, and, at the risk of suffocation and death, left that land of horrors? There are more horrible things yet. Young women as white as any in this country (in whom it requires the keen eye of the slave-dealer to detect the faint trace of negro blood) are sold to brutes for brute purposes. Among our Saxons and Christians the Circassian Market is going on like that which goes on among Turks and Mahometans! Thus far (Mr. W. continued) he had withheld, however from direct remonstrance with Americans, in the belief that Abolition was advancing. But now a change had come over the spirit of that dream. In the Fugitive Slave Law, a step not forward, but backward, has been taken, so decided that, if that Law be carried out, it will make the property of the South in slaves more secure, the institution of Slavery permanent. Mr. W. then detailed the monstrous provisions of the Fugitive Slave Law,—(in which however the word slave never occurs—so sensitive are men to a word which they are conscious carries shame with it.) He showed by reference to a copy of the Act itself, that the leading features were the multiplication of magistrates and commissioners, by which every possible facility of arrest should be placed in the hands of the Man-stealer; every magistrate or commissioner exercising a summary jurisdiction without appeal, and conferring a warrant not only of arrest, but of removal back to Slavery, unconditionally on any evidence that might satisfy him. As an inducement to make the evidence as slight as possible, the magistrate is to have a fee of ten dollars if he commit the slave; and only five if he lets him off. Any person harboring or assisting a fugitive directly or indirectly, or in any way obstructing the execution of the Act, is liable to a fine not exceeding 1,000 dollars, and imprisonment not exceeding six months. The magistrate may appoint as many marshals to assist him as he likes, and both are entitled to command the services of the bystanders. The slave-owner who has lost a slave may obtain a record to that effect from any court of record in his State, and the exhibition of this in any other State is to be full and conclusive evidence against the fugitive—and if the slave-catcher does not choose to produce the transcript of the record, (which contains a general description of the person of the fugitive,) it shall be dispensed with!—When first this measure was announced as pending, he felt sure it could never pass. But would that the sainted Channing were alive to raise, as he would have been sure to raise, his voice against it! For it was said in this country, (he wished it might not be true,) that his successor, Dr. Gannett, was justifying obedience to this Law. Dr. Dewey, he was sorry to know but too certainly and truly, for he had read his speeches, was using elegant sophisms, in warm and zealous advocacy of obedience to the Law, out of regard to political and commercial considerations. The least we could have expected from these men would have been, to have been quiet. But they are coming forward and telling their fellow-citizens to obey this iniquitous Law, while Parker, Furness and others are telling them that there is a higher law than that of men, and that it is their duty to stand up and resist that law as a vile prostitution of the powers given into the hands of a government. Our duty as Christians and members of the family of Man, moralists, as men anxious even for the stability of nations, is to lift our voices in direct opposition to the Fugitive Slave Law, and to urge upon our fellow-men of the United States, not to subject the divine to the human law, but to raise the human as near as they can to the standard of the divine. Mr. W. then proposed the following declaration:—"That this Meeting, consisting of persons pledged alike by their profession of the holy Christian Faith, and by their maturest convictions of Right and Duty, to maintain the cause of human Freedom, desire to place on record the continued sentiments of abhorrence with which they regard the whole system of Slavery—by which men hold under absolute control the persons, the actions and the responsibilities of their fellow-men. They desire in the present exigency especially to declare the sorrowful surprise with which they have heard of the fresh effort made in the United States of America, by means of the Fugitive Slave Law, to perpetuate this criminal species of property, and while they would offer the tribute of admiration and respect to those Americans who have sought to maintain the Law of Right, and their own Declaration of Independence against such iniquitous enactments, they retire with grief and shame from the spectacle of professors and Ministers of the Gospel of Christ, employing their powers of argument and persuasion, to subordinate the holiest principles of Justice and Religion, to hypothetical considerations of commercial and political expediency."

Joseph Lupton, Esqr., of Leeds, in seconding the resolution, wished the wording of it had been more strong. He said we were much indebted to Mr. Wicksteed for bringing the subject forward. It was quite suitable to this meeting, and added much to its interest. He agreed with all that Mr. Wicksteed had said, but thought we might have gone a step further, not as the orthodox do, who excommunicate those whom they disapprove. They do this continually; we do not. They have the power, and use it, upon other questions besides, and they therefore consistently and rightly do it on this. He would be sorry to see Unitarians do the same, nor do they attempt to do it. An American paper by F. Douglass (which he had in his hand) alludes to the Western Union meeting at Bridgwater, expressing his deep regret to see the Unitarian body taking the position they did. But Mr. Douglass had mistaken the question as decided at Bridgwater. He says, the question was whether Unitarian pulpits should be thrown open to those who advocate the Fugitive Slave Bill. He (Mr. L.) did not believe there was a Unitarian minister in this country who would invite such a man to occupy his pulpit. His friend F. Douglass had written in error. We may well excuse him, indeed, for getting excited on the subject, and being surprised at our cool meetings: He would be surprised at the calmness of this meeting.

The Secretary begged leave to explain that the question at Bridgwater was whether the Western Union should ordain the closing of the pulpits against certain American ministers; and the decision was, that they had no such power. If Mr. Wicksteed's motion could have been so indiscreetly formed on the occasion, he should have risen in the name of his own congregation and himself to say,—"We shall probably act upon this very principle, but we disclaim the power of this West Riding Society, or any other, to order us so to do. We manage our own affairs." He hoped this resolution would cross the Atlantic.

The Rev. John Owen had at first doubted the propriety of introducing this subject to the meeting, but was satisfied by the manner in which it had been introduced after the business of the Tract Society had been concluded; and spoke most warmly in its support, declaring that he would rather that his chapel should crumble into dust, and his pulpit be consumed by fire, than see Dr. Dewey stand in his place. He most cordially sympathised with the motion, which was unanimously passed.

At the Annual Meeting of the Midland Presbyterian or Unitarian Association on the 18th of June the following Resolution, after an animated discussion, was carried unanimously:

That this Meeting would express its utter abhorrence of all Slavery, as being irreconcileable with the benevolent principles and spirit of the Gospel, with the just rights of man, and the true welfare of nations; it regards, therefore, with unfeigned regret, the recent Act passed by the Legislature of the United States, whereby the dreadful evils of Slavery are increased and aggravated; and though it feels both incompetent and disinclined to pass judgment on the motives of any of its brethren, yet admiring the noble opposition made by some, at this trying juncture, it would, at the same time, indulge the earnest hope that all will feel it their solemn duty to exert their influence, as Christians and as men, to abate the evils and miseries thence arising, and to promote the total abolition of a system, which is at direct variance with the professed principles of their Constitution, is the greatest blot upon their country, and makes the American name a reproach to all the civilized nations of the world.

At a meeting of the Mill-Hill Chapel Society at Leeds, after religious service on the 22d of June, Darnton Lupton, Esq., J. P., in the chair, the following declaration was moved by Alderman J. D. Luccock, and seconded by Joseph Cliff, Esq., and carried unanimously:

That this congregation having long entertained a steadfast abhorrence of Slavery, whether existing under the laws of England, or under those of any other country, has hailed with joy and gratitude all the approaches which have been made, during a series of years, toward its final abolition. They have, however, recently suffered the severest disappointment and grief on the passing of a Law in the United States of America, the object of which is to render the odious property of man in man more secure and permanent; and they regard it as not the least of the lamentable evils and disgraces accompanying its enactment, that so many ministers of the Everlasting Gospel have openly inculcated obedience to its provisions. They feel themselves summoned by the cause of humanity and truth to protest against the sacrifice to supposed immediate political and commercial expediency, of those great principles of moral right which lie at the basis of all human security, happiness, and virtue. And they implore the Father of Grace and Mercy to turn into the paths of mercy, those citizens of America and those professors of the Christian Faith who are at present resisting eternal obligations, and to strengthen the hands and sustain the hearts of all those who are advocating the common cause of 'human nature and Christian duty.' This meeting of the congregation was held after listening to a very powerful and heart-stirring discourse from the Rev. C. Wicksteed, the Minister of the Chapel, the subject being, 'The Christian's Contemplation of the Fugitive Slave Law of the United States, and the Support given to it by Religious Men.'

The *Inquirer* also gives a more full report, which we copy, of the remarks of the Rev. F. Thomas at the Free Mason's Tavern than it was possible to give in the report of the week before of the meeting at that place. That report we published last week:

The rev. gentleman said he felt it to be his duty to attend that meeting, having added his name to the advertisement which appeared in the *Inquirer*; but he certainly had not anticipated being placed in the prominent position he then occupied as the seconder of the resolution so eloquently introduced to the notice of the meeting by the mover. His name had been associated with that of the venerable Clarkson, and he hoped he might say, without being thought egotistical, that he had enjoyed, for some years, the society and the hospitality of that distinguished philanthropist; and he believed it impossible for any one to have done so without being in some degree animated with his spirit and encouraged by his example to labor in the good cause of Negro Emancipation. He felt that he should not be paying due respect to the memory, character, and labors, of the great Clarkson, had he not embraced that opportunity to express his abhorrence of a measure so cruel and so inhuman as the Fugitive Slave-law of America. He knew that there were many gentlemen present more competent than himself to support a resolution of so much importance as the one submitted to the meeting; but he might presume to say that there was not one present who felt a deeper interest in every effort made to emancipate the slaves of America from their cruel bondage and degraded condition. He had hoped that the meeting would have been held at Exeter Hall, but it was refused them on the ground of their being Unitarians. He was not surprised at the circumstance, for the spirit of religious bigotry was alike in all places, in town and country, and wherever it had an opportunity of exercising its baleful authority it would do so, even at the sacrifice of mercy and charity. The same spirit which denied them the use of Exeter Hall that day, attempted, a few years ago, to prevent Messrs. Collins and Remond, two acknowledged delegates from the Anti-Slavery Society in America, from holding a public meeting at Ipswich, because those gentlemen were suspected of heresy, having been seen in company with him, the Unitarian Minister; but he, with the delegates, were resolved on holding a public meeting, and exposing the Anti-Christian conduct of those who professed to be lovers of liberty and the friends of humanity. For taking this decided step, he was singled out as an object of attack by the editor of a provincial paper, who demanded of him a public apology to be made to the venerable Clarkson, and to the Anti-Slavery friends at Ipswich. Mr. Thomas observed that fortunately for him he was soon relieved from all anxiety about the affair, by the kindness of his friend Mr Clarkson, who notwithstanding his great age and infirmities, and the inclemency of the weather, being the depth of winter, waited upon Mr. Thomas to assure him of his approval of the step he and the delegates had taken, by holding an Anti-Slavery meeting in spite of sectarian opposition—(hear). The speaker said that he mentioned this circumstance to show, that as Unitarians they were not to expect any favors from their Orthodox neighbors,—no, not even the use of a room in which to hold a meeting to advocate the cause of justice and humanity. After noticing some of the published statements of eminent scholars and divines in America, who countenanced the odious Fugitive Slave measure, he said it appeared to him impossible to reconcile them with the benevolent precepts of the Gospel of Christ, which demanded of all men "that they should do unto others as they would wish to be done unto." He would not indulge in any harsh expressions towards the pro-slavery advocates of America, but he thought that it was their duty as a Christian body to send across the Atlantic a stern remonstrance against all, whether Unitarian or Trinitarian, who supported so cruel and so merciless a measure as the Fugitive Slave Bill of America. He wished not to detain the meeting longer, and therefore begged most cordially to second the resolution—(applause).

The subject of Slavery also received its due share of attention at the meeting of the Irish Christian Unitarian Society, held in Dublin on the 25th of May. At that meeting to the sentiment of "Civil and Religious Liberty" proposed by the Chairman—

Mr. J. Haughton responded. When they looked around in the world they were made painfully aware of the slight estimation in which this prize, of inestimable value, was held by a large majority of mankind. When we look at home we see the hand of power crushing within its grasp the civil liberties of the majority; and bigotry oppressing with all its leaden weight the free aspirations of the soul after a religious life. Let us draw within a narrower compass, and look within our own little circle, and we shall not find even Unitarianism,—that best expression of Christianity, as we believe, which has yet dawned on the world,—free, as it ought to be, from the blighting influence of that Toryism, and that Sectarianism, which deny an equality of rights to brethren, all of whom, of every race, and of every clime, God has created in His own image; that is, gifted with a portion of His own spirit, which enables the recipient to judge between good and evil, and to raise his thoughts to heaven. If we took a just view of civil liberty, would any of us attempt to justify the man who made merchandise of his brother? Would any of us talk of the right of property in man? and argue that the Slaveholder was entitled to demand a price for his victim? Or would we have any hesitation in boldly declaring that "immediate and unconditioned emancipation was the duty of the master, and the right of the slave?" Unitarians in America are guilty herein, and are yet held in estimation amongst us. This is wrong, for no religious fellowship should be held with such criminals. Our friend Mr. Armstrong has referred, with allowable pride, to the spread of Unitarianism in America, but we should bear in mind that, of the professors of our faith in the United States a considerable number are actual slaveholders, and a still larger number are either opposers of the Anti-Slavery movement, or abettors of the foul system which makes merchandise of our fellow men. With such false Unitarians as these, we should hold no fellowship. Mr. Harris reminds me that many Unitarians in America were and are true to the cause of humanity. He mentions the names of Wright, and Follen, and May.—These, and many other honored names, adorn the Anti-Slavery ranks in America, but I speak what I know, when I say, that the great body of professing Unitarians in the United States are cold or lukewarm on the question of Slavery, and that such Unitarians add nothing to the cause of Christianity; that such men should not be hailed as co-workers with us in the cause of civil and religious liberty. Unitarians at home deny to their fellow-men many of their civil rights, being, in this respect, little, if at all, in advance of other professing Christians. These being facts, and, as such, blots on our escutcheon, we have little right to pride ourselves on being true friends to civil liberty. But I may not dwell on these topics. May we quickly take the "beam out of our own eye," and stand prominently forward as a body of men and women who claim for all, these civil rights which we demand for ourselves; if we do not, Unitarianism, however true, and however beautiful it may be, in theory, and in fact, will never be of vital use to mankind; it will die out, and from its ashes will arise a superior order of men who will really be the pioneers of progress. Mr. Haughton, after commenting upon the deficiencies of all religious bodies, in their relation to religious liberty, concluded by recommending the Irish Unitarian Society to form an association for the protection of civil and religious liberty, the basis to be of the broadest character, and whose object shall be the protection of the oppressed and the down-trodden, everywhere."

We copy also from the *London Inquirer* the following correspondence between Dr. Carpenter of London, and the Rev. Mr. Armstrong on a resolution offered by the former gentleman at the meeting of the Unitarian Association in London on the 13th of June. We could assure Dr. Carpenter, if he needed any assurance, after reading Mr. Armstrong's letter, that there are many of his denomination in this country who would take shelter under his resolution, and declare that it was in accordance with their convictions of "conscientious duty" to do nothing that would endanger the Union, and that the Union is endangered by any agitation of the Slavery question; that the only way to labor for its extinction is to let it alone till God sees fit to abolish it:

TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,—Your Report of the proceedings of the Anti-Slavery Meeting, held yesterday in the Freemasons' Tavern, will, I hope, notice the circumstance, that after the two Resolutions prepared by those who had originally moved in the matter, had been carried without opposition, I took occasion, in seconding the additional Resolution proposed by the Rev. Howard Ryland, to suggest the substitution of the following, which I had prepared independently of him:—"That this Meeting desires to express its sympathy with *all* who are laboring in their respective spheres, and in the modes which they may severally deem most accordant with conscientious duty, for the extinction of the iniquitous system of American Slavery."

My reason for bringing forward this Resolution, was simply because the language of that proposed by Mr. Armstrong, and still more, the specification of a certain number of names of *Ministers* at its close, seemed to limit the expression of our sympathies to those who have adopted a particular line of action, and to exclude from it all who have labored *in any other mode*; among whom are many distinguished *Laymen* (some of them Members of the Legislature), who, in strenuously resisting the admission of new States, on any other than the *free-soil* footing, and in various other ways, have taken what are, in my apprehension, some of the most practical and effective steps yet made in the Anti-Slavery movement.

I withdrew this Resolution, and contented myself with seconding that proposed by Mr. Ryland, because I did not wish to introduce disunion into a meeting which had been previously harmonious, and because I felt that much was due to the forbearance of some who had taken a prominent part in it, for having refrained from introducing sentiments which would have called forth strenuous opposition from those who feel it a duty to protest against "the system of exclusion and denunciation," by whomever it may be upheld.

But I feel called upon to take this means of entering my protest against the view which I understood Mr. Armstrong to express, that my Resolution was objectionable on the ground that the words "conscientious duty" might be understood in more than one way. I know of but one meaning of these terms, and that is the meaning which plain common-sense attaches to them. I hold that a man does his duty, when he does that which he honestly believes to be right; and that the question of *what* is right, in the case of each individual, is one which it is for his own conscience to decide. I *respect* every man who acts up to his own conscientious convictions of right, however erroneous I may individually think them. But, sir, I not only respect, but *sympathize with*, every man who labors heartily with me for a good and noble end, although I may not deem his mode of action so desirable as my own.

If Mr. Armstrong would have us adopt *any other* code of religious morality, and would assert that it is *any man's* duty, *to do what he conscientiously believes to be* wrong, because he is bidden to do it by some one else, be he who he may, I can only say that such are not the principles which I was accustomed to hear from him when I had formerly the advantage of attending his ministry, and that I cannot consider him as having changed for the better.

It is quite possible, however, that I may have misunderstood the few words which fell from him on the occasion alluded to; and my chief purpose in this communication is to give him an opportunity of explaining them. I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

William B. Carpenter.

London, June 14th, 1851.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I hasten to comply with the request of Dr. Carpenter. He wishes some explanation of my objection to his withdrawn Resolution at the recent Anti-Slavery Meeting, and—*valeat quantum valere possit*—with your permission, I beg to submit the following.

I approved of Mr. Ryland's proposition, because it was directly in the spirit of the main resolution, which was designed to honor those who were distinguished "by their prominence in depriving the institution of Slavery of the sanction it has hitherto received from the Churches of America,"—the great bulwark of Slavery in that country. I did *not* approve of Dr. Carpenter's proposition, for the precise reason he reiterates in his letter of the 21st—that its words "'conscientious duty' might be understood in more than one way." I had no objection in the world to include as many of any other profession, besides the ministerial, as he could put in: heartily I thank and bless them all—who are doing any "hearty" work for the "good and noble end" of exorcising the demon of Slavery in the land which, *but for it*, might be the hope of the earth, and the beacon of liberty for the oppressed all over the world. But in proportion as I would thank and honor these, I shrank from associating with them others whose deplorable view of "duty," however "conscientious," indisposed them to like heartiness of labor, and sustained them in their "mission of silence,"—nay, rather caused them to thank God that, at the expense of the direct shame ever branded on the brow of a nation—the most sickening cruelty ever practised in the face of the sun—the Fugitive Slave Bill had been passed, and the political repose of these "silent missionaries" for a few precarious years longer, maintained or promised by this master-stroke of statesmanship.

Dr. Carpenter knows to whom and what I allude. Mr. Estlin's reply to some captivating quotations which were heard at the meeting, relieves me from the necessity of any further explanation, at least upon this point; and only imposes on me the painful "duty" of assuring him that, sooner than have passed a Resolution which might, would, or could—however undesignedly—include such a party in my acknowledgments, my right hand should have dropped from my side, or my tongue should have cleaved to the roof of my mouth.

This might be enough. I have no further "explanation" to offer that I much care about. But, perhaps, as I have the opportunity, I may be allowed to say a few words in reference to one or two other points introduced by Dr. Carpenter. He speaks of what is called the *Free-Soil* party in America: some of whom deserve all honor—but a few of whom do not: which only further shows the equivocal tendency of the Resolutions he would have asked the meeting to adopt. There are those who insisted on the "Free-soil" question, *unconditionally*. There are others who urged it in the way of compromise; and who for that concession directly or indirectly gained, would give, and did give, to the South its *Fugitive Slave Law;* which law, I beg Dr Carpenter to remember, leaves no part of the United States a "*free-soil*" at all; but has made them throughout what the Rev. F. Bishop has truly and not too energetically described, "as one wide hunting-ground for the pursuit of Fugitive slaves,"—and New England herself, in the editorial language of the *Inquirer* of the 14th ultimo,—aye, New England herself—"Slave-hunter to Georgia." Oh, Land of the Pilgrims—Oh, Children of the May-Flower—Oh, descendants of the men too happy to escape from the persecution of the Stuart and his Laud—"hide your diminished heads!"

Dr. Carpenter supposes (hypothetically at least) that I have changed, and "not changed for the better," in regard to my theory of moral duty. I am not conscious of the change. Whether for better or worse, I long ago took up my code upon such reflection; and have not discovered any reason since for exchanging it for another. Some say there are moral intuitions, interior lights, which are sufficient to guide men right—at least to show them the way they should go. Can this be the moral condition of those who in America patronize Slavery, and its supplementary legislation, the Fugitive Slave Law? I presume not. If there be any divine intuitions of duty, they would probably be the same in America and England; and I have yet to learn that the apologists of slaveholding *there* find, at this day, their absolute counter-part in any section of Society *here*. Others hold—myself among the number—that, while the sentiment of duty is original, and the same in all men's minds, the nature of the *particular* conduct which constitutes duty is, so to say, a *varying* quantity. Not the same in successive periods; in different countries; under different dispensations. Hence I argue that a man is responsible only in proportion to his light; and I find myself in agreement with Dr. Carpenter, that "a man fulfils his duty who does that which he honestly believes to be right!" Would that we could all say so much for ourselves! Wherein, then, do we differ? Just in this particular, that whereas, in the case of the man who has but little light, yet does his little; or, having false lights, may therefor do unspeakable evil—while I can pity the one, and respect the other,—I cannot in the same degree respect, however I may pity, the man who, in the land where Lafayette fought, where Franklin legislated, where Channing wrote, and *Lovejoy perished*, can plead the "duty" of doing nothing, or doing worse—when the man whom God has created his equal, and endued with the right of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," asks of him in vain for help—or for one strenuous word which might stay his pursuer, or save him from a misery worse than death! For *that* species of "duty," I do confess I am not one of those exquisitely good natured people who can find it in my heart to profess "respect." *Thuggee*, in the mountain fastnesses of Thibet, I might find reason to palliate. *There* the throat and purse of the traveller are not only—as they deem it—the lawful, but the religious prize of the Heaven appealing fraternity. But Thuggee in the classic city of Boston; property in man by the side of the declaration of Independence; the Fugitive Slave Bill to be met in "silence," or sanctioned by panegyrics on the man who passed it, in the city, nay the pulpit (*horresco referens*), in which a *Channing* breathed and taught,—*this* passes my comprehension, and I can hardly say in how small a measure commands my "respect."

One last word more; and from this correspondence I desire to withdraw.

Some, with our late worthy Chairman, Dr. Hutton; and, doubtless, I may add, with Dr. Carpenter—in his dislike of "exclusion and denunciation"—would take large liberty in "saying what they think of men's conduct"—or, as he afterwards expresses it, "of their words and deeds;" while "of the men themselves, they would forbear to judge." A good rule. Only, unluckily, in some circumstances, of peculiarly delicate and difficult application! Indeed, so nice it is, that one might resign it in despair to those who are accustomed, by the resources of their profession, to separate substances the most combined, or detect and catalogue distinctions the most minute. Surgery can do much; Chemistry more; while the School of Loyola can do miracles. Let them try their art in the following case: —Sir, your "words" are most abominable; your "deeds" are absolutely shocking; but we would not for the world "denounce." You had light—you had means—you had opportunity. You neglected them all. Your light you turned to darkness; you declined to use the means within your reach; when thou sawest a neighbor left for dead by thieves, you passed by on the other side. So unchristian—nay, so un-Samaritan—so inhuman was your conduct! But, mind, we do not "denounce." Your actions are, indeed, infamous—odious: but you who do them, and they who do the like, are, doubtless, "honorable men—all honorable men!" Now we wish the objects of these nice distinctions—all the comfort they can give them; we would not take from them one particle of the "respect" they are calculated to inspire! And marvelling at the delicacy of the manipulation, only hope that in this curious process of separating the integument from the substance—the conduct of the man from the man himself—there may be as little as possible of laceration by the operator and irritation in the patient.

With these few "explanations"—trusting they may not be quite irrelevant—I remain, very faithfully, yours,

George Armstrong.

Clifton, June 25th, 1851.

ANOTHER VICTIM TO SOUTHERN LAW.

That the South should exercise what she conceives to be a "higher law" whenever occasion calls for it, while, at the North, it is an indulgence in treasonable sentiments even to suggest that there can be any law higher than the Constitution, is quite in accordance with the spirit of our institutions as accepted by the people at large. It would be an interesting fact, were it possible to get at it, to ascertain the exact number of Northern citizens now incarcerated in Southern prisons; not simply those imprisoned lest the slaves should read in their erect forms, and in the ring of their voices how much better a thing is liberty than bondage, but those also whom God Almighty never cursed by making black, but who were nevertheless so unfortunate as not to leave all sentiment of humanity and justice behind them when they crossed the Southern border, and have been called upon to suffer accordingly. We have no doubt the number of such persons is much larger than is supposed. We have listened within four and twenty hours to the sad tale of a man the morning of whose days, and all whose hopes of happiness in this life have been buried in a six years imprisonment in a Georgia prison, because he would not turn a deaf ear to the prayer of a fellow-creature, who asked for aid to escape, not from his master, whom he had left months before, but from a dismal swamp to some part of the country where man would be at least as friendly as the alligator and the rattle-snake and let him alone, and he might live some other life than that of a savage without the fear of rifle and blood-hound. But the propriety of such imprisonments, and the necessity of Lynch Law in cases where obnoxious sentiments alone are the offence, is rarely even questioned by our Northern papers, and least of all by those, as, for instance, the *Boston Courier* and the New York *Journal of Commerce*, who are the loudest in proclaiming and denouncing all as traitors, and scoundrels of the deepest dye, and infidels of the most dangerous character, who hesitate to obey the law to make or re-make men slaves. Such papers, champions of the law of Slavery in the North, if they condescend to notice at all the fact that in spite of justice, or even law, a Northern citizen had been imprisoned or lynched at the South, their comment probably would be that it served him right.

One of these cases of Southern tyranny has just occurred, but we will venture to say that except in the avowed Anti-Slavery papers, and a few others inclined in some degree to be so, the fact will not even find a place as a news item. And as to its exciting any feeling in the North, *The Tribune* would find it a much easier task, and undertake it much more readily, to rouse the indignation of the people by the tale of some Austrian officer who outraged humanity, and liberty, and Christianity, and republicanism, by using the flat of his sword-sheath over the back of some Hungarian peasant. However what liberty and the rest of it means in this country we find thus recorded in a southern paper, and the character of the record is not in any degree changed by the fact that such things are of monthly occurrence in one half of the country, and heard of with indifference by the other half:

Warrenton, (Ga.,) July 10 1851.

This day the citizens of the town and county met in the Court House at 8 o'clock, A. M. On motion, Thos. F. Persons, Esq., was called to the Chair, and Wm. H. Pilcher, requested to act as Secretary.

The object of the meeting was stated by the Chairman, as follows:

Whereas, our community has been thrown into confusion by the presence among us, of one Nathan Bird Watson, who hails from New Haven, (Connecticut,) and who has been promulgating abolition sentiments publicly and privately, among our people—sentiments at war with our institutions, and intolerable in a slave community—and also been detected in visiting suspicious negro houses, as we suppose, for the purpose of inciting our slave and free negro population to insurrection and insubordination.

The meeting having been organized, William Gibson, Esq., offered the following resolution, which, after various expressions of opinion, was unanimously adopted, to wit:

Resolved, That a Committee of Ten be appointed by the Chairman for the purpose of making arrangements to expel Nathan Bird Watson, an avowed abolitionist, who has been in our village three or four weeks, by 12 o'clock this day, by the Georgia Rail-road cars, and that it shall be the duty of said Committee to escort the said Watson to Camak, for the purpose of *shipment* to his *native land*.

The following gentlemen were named as that Committee:

Wm. Gibson, E. Cody, J. M. Roberts, J. B Huff, E. H. Pottle, E. A. Brinkley, John C. Jennings, George W Dickson, A. B. Rogers, and Dr. R. W. Herbert.

On motion, the Chairman was added to that Committee.

It was, on motion—

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting, with a minute description of the said Watson, be forwarded to the publishers of the Augusta papers, with the request that they, and all other publishers of papers in the slaveholding States, publish the same for a sufficient length of time.

DESCRIPTION.

The said Nathan Bird Watson is a man of dark complexion, hazle eyes, black hair, and wears a heavy beard—measures five feet eleven and three-quarter inches—has a quick step, and walks with his toes inclined inward, and a little stooped-shouldered—now wears a check coat, and white pants,—says he is twenty-three years of age, but will pass for twenty-five or thirty. On motion, the meeting was adjourned.

Thomas F. Persons, Chairman.

William H. Pilchen, Secretary.

This statement we copy from a paper most happily named the *Constitutionalist*, published at Augusta, Georgia. "Our opinion is," says the editor, "that there are a number of Nathan Bird Watsons in our midst, and a strict watch should be kept over them. Should Mr. Watson make his appearance in our city, we hope the officers will see him safely across the ferry. Once in our sister State, with the endorsement of our Warrenton friends, he will find himself speedily on salt water. Should he return again, he may probably be fitted with a *hempen* cravat." The *Journal of Commerce* and the *Express* would have defended the use of hemp on the first discovery of the offence, as entirely in accordance with the Compromises. The *Constitutionalist* adds:

Since writing the above, we understand that Nathan Bird Watson has been seen in our city since yesterday morning. We learn that they rode him on a rail, and blacked him, before they *shipped* him from Warrenton. He tells it here himself. He is a carriage-maker by trade, and will, no doubt, attempt to get work in the city.

WHAT IS SLAVERY?

Some of our contemporaries are instituting comparisons between two recent decisions in capital trials at the South. One is that of Simeon Souther, a wealthy citizen of Hanover Co., Va., who was convicted of having *beaten one of his slaves to death*, and was sentenced therefor to an imprisonment in the *Penitentiary for five years*. So much for the crime of murder in the master. The other is that of a slave girl (in La.) charged with having murdered her own father, the overseer. The facts are thus stated:

Antonio, the father of Janette, had ordered her to take a certain handkerchief off her head. On her having neglected to do so, he had some words with her, and subsequently beat her till he was tired. He then ordered four women to hold her down till he would beat her again; but she resisted, and the four women were unable to hold her. As the four negro women were in the act of going away, they heard Antonio cry out he was stabbed, and turning, they found that he was severely wounded by Janette, in his breast, the knife still remaining in the wound. This was before the negro men arrived to hold Janette. The father had hold of her hand at the time he was stabbed. The girl on being questioned about the handkerchief, said that she had forgotten to take it off. Antonio died in about seventeen hours after he was wounded.

The crime was atrocious enough, but before the condemning the girl as a monster of iniquity, it is well enough to consider that in a servile community it is very possible that the relation of father and child may exist without any of its holy attributes, and to remember also that here the brutal overseer had already whipped the girl till he could whip her no longer, and that he intended to begin again as soon as his strength was recruited, and the men had come to hold the sufferer still. However, she was hanged of course; and would have been hanged though her victim had not been her father. That Simeon Souther should, about the same time, have been condemned to only five years imprisonment for putting his victim to death by the slow-torture of the whip shows in a very striking way what a difference there is between a slaveholder and a slave.

It is fortunate that in one direction human ingenuity is limited. There is a point beyond which punishment cannot go. Torture can be refined to a certain degree, but beyond that it becomes relief in death. Death after all to most men is the heaviest punishment, and to the slave the only one that the experience of his daily life does not necessarily bring to him by virtue of his bondage. But here is a condition wherein there is some truth in the doctrine of compensation. If the slave is so poor in all that makes life worth having, that there is no wretchedness of man's invention to be inflicted upon him when he becomes a criminal, then also does this his poverty become in one sense a blessing; for as the loss of life is all that is left him to suffer, that loss becomes a gain where there is nothing that makes life worth living. With many a slave there is no punishment for crime. As a slave he is acquainted with torture; that at a certain point becomes death. Death is no punishment to him but only a release from the torture of life.

The slaveholding legislator then has no alternative but to inflict death, or to let the criminal, if a slave, go unwhipped of justice. It would be absurd to apply torture for taking a human life, for that a master may do if his slave takes the life of a chicken, steals an ear of corn, or breaks a hoe-handle. Slavery is necessarily as absurd as it is unjust. The State must delegate nearly all its power to the slaveholder, and he, in its exercise, leaves but one thing for the State to do in the extreme case where the subject comes before it to be judged for a crime against society. But unless this irresponsible power was entrusted in the hands of the slaveholder, Slavery could not exist; and the power being so entrusted, it is only in extreme cases that the State interferes between the master and his chattel. It is not strange, therefore, that so many crimes among slaves are punished capitally. They cannot be punished in any other way. A free man may be deprived of his liberty for a longer or a shorter period; a slave is that all his life; a free man may be condemned to hard labor for the benefit of others; the slave knows no other condition from the cradle to the grave; the free man may be deprived of his rights as a citizen; the slave never had any; a free man may be made a mark for public contempt; no lower degradation can be inflicted on the slave than belongs to his condition; the free man may be deprived of his property; the slave by law is forbidden to possess any; the social relations which bind the freemen to his fellows, to his parents, his brothers and sisters, his wife, his children, may be broken; the whims or the necessities of a master may, at any moment, sunder those of the slave; the freeman can be deprived of his life; it is the only thing he and the slave possess in common; under the gallows they are equal; here also they may punish the slave—when it is a punishment—by killing him; nothing else is left to do but that.

The penal codes of the slaveholding States show the truth of this reasoning, and Judge Larue, in his charge to the Jury in the case of the slave girl Janotte, recognized it as the only principle that could obtain in the criminal jurisprudence of a slaveholding community. "With reference to the punishment to be selected by the jury," he said, "that hard labor in a penitentiary was no punishment at all to a slave, it was even preferable to working in the sun on a plantation." Nothing was left but death, for the criminal, for she had suffered all her life every other punishment that the law could inflict, and would have continued to suffer them had she been acquitted.

Judge Larue answers very clearly in these few words the question—"What is Slavery?" It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to enlarge so much upon it to show that Slavery is all the suffering that man can inflict upon his fellow-man next to death. That comes often to slaves, as it does sometimes to those who are not slaves, as a blessing and a relief.

CONFIRMATION.—The *Albany Register* (Whig) remarks upon our suggestion, last week, that the Whigs of this State will follow the lead of Senator Fish:

> The *Standard* will prove a true prophet. We have no doubt that "the Whig party of this State means," with Gov Fish to take the ground of approval of the principle of the Compromise measures, and "unqualified, unreserved acquiescence" in the measures themselves.

DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

NO. LXXXIV.

THE ARGUMENT.—*Commencement Week—The Former Days and These—Why they were better—Commencement this year—The only notability—Why to be Red-lettered—Saving of Union, when it began—Last words of Alma Mater—Dr. Walker's Sermon—Its topics—The Correspondent's Commentaries—Religion Made Easy—The Second Day of Salvation—The Story Association—Mr. Choate's Address—What it was expected to be and what it was not—The Correspondent doeth it into the Vernacular—Ill-breeding—A gallant general—"Harsh language!"—The Correspondent apologizeth—Praise of Union perfected out of mouths of babes and sucklings—Their nursing mother—The Statistics after Dinner—Odd Omission—How the Union was saved the third time—The Feast of Skulls—The sacrifice of knife-handles and umbrellas—Phi Beta Doy—Small attendance—The Orator—Autographs and Sigma—The Oration—The Correspondent trembleth for his Country—He is relieved and the Union saved for the Fourth time—He giveth his opinion of the Oration and good advice to the Orator—Mr. Pierpont's poem—Union saved again after Dinner—Mr. Crittenden and the Union—The Correspondent maket Comparisons, odious and otherwise—Progress of Webster Subscription—Dedham—Its eminent inhabitants—Possibilities of Editorial sale—St. Orestes Brownson on Treason—The only way of escape—The Courier's Commission of Lunacy, &c. &c. &c.*

BOSTON, July 21, 1851.

Last week was Commencement Week at Cambridge, the influences of which yet extend moderately into Boston and its neighborhood. Commencement is shorn of many of its beams of former glory, and has in a good measure faded into the light of a common day. A century ago, yea, a quarter of a century, it was a general holiday in Boston, not to say the whole State, and its presence was a reality wherever there was a minister or a lawyer or a doctor, all of whom regarded it as the birthday of their mother. From the most distant parts of the State, the scattered sons of Alma Mater came up to the Feast of her Nativity. All the wealthier classes looked upon it as one of the gala days of the year when they could display to the best advantage themselves, their dress and their equipage. The lower classes regarded it as a kind of New England Carnival or Saturnalia, when all restraints were relaxed, if not undone entirely. Such crowds used to pour into Cambridge from Boston and the surrounding country on that day, that for several years the Authorities of the College studiously concealed the day when it was to take place. But it was in vain. It was an Institution of the Province, and could only be modified or abolished by the Power that created it. This modification it has undergone in the due course of human vicissitude, by the changes which the growth of the country, the altered character of the population of the metropolis, the multiplication of Colleges and many other circumstances have produced. The *coup de grace* was given to it by changing the time of its celebration from the end of August to the middle of July—a time when all the principal inhabitants of Boston are away, and before the visitors from other parts of the country have begun to arrive.

This year, the attendance was less than at any year within my remembrance. Still there was a goodly number present. Mr. Attorney General Crittenden was the only notability of a public nature on exhibition. What should chiefly mark the days of that week in the Calendar of the Nation, as well as of the University, with a Red Letter, was the amount of Salvation which the Union received in the course of it. This saving process commenced as early as the Lord's Day next preceding Commencement. On that day it is usual for one of the Theological Professors to preach a Sermon appropriate to the case of a body of young men leaving the walls of College to engage in the business of life. An occasion, surely, of a touching and interesting nature, and one which might well excite the sensibilities and call forth the energies of a religious teacher. What a wealth of topics does not such a theme excite! How perplexed, one would think, a man called to such a duty must be in his choice and handling of them, lest he might, peradventure, omit or slight considerations of vital and eternal moment! The Reverend orator on this occasion (Dr. James Walker) had no difficulty in this respect, if I am rightly informed. I was not present myself, but have been assured by an impartial person who was, who went for the honest purpose of seeing how so able a man would treat so delicate and interesting a subject, that he disposed of it in a summary, if not an edifying, manner. I should judge that the Discourse would have exactly hit the case of the critical parishioner we have all heard of, who admired his minister because he never troubled himself about either morality or religion. My informant assured me that there was no allusion to religious responsibility or moral duty, nor anything, besides the Text, that marked it as a Sermon. It was an exhortation to the young men to be true, not to God, not to duty, but to *their Country!* The Virtue of Patriotism was inculcated, by implication at least, as the Cardinal one of all—a Virtue recognized neither by Natural nor Revealed Religion—one created not by the Ordination of God, but by the Arrangements of Man. And this Patriotism was to be mainly exerted in THE PRESERVATION OF THE UNION! And we all know what that means, at this particular day, viz., CATCHING NIGGERS! For the refusal to do this is, confessedly, the only thing that endangers it. The young men themselves, though making no particular pretensions to Saintship, were much surprised and somewhat shocked at this Summing-up of their Religious Education. "D—n it!" one of them was overheard to say, "if this is Religion, it's easy enough, and we'll go it with a rush!"

The next opportunity of Saving the Union occurred on the following Tuesday, when was held the first Meeting of the Story Association, a Society mainly of graduates of the Dane Law School. It was addressed by the Hon. Rufus Choate, in the Meeting-house, which was well filled by the profession of the Law and the public generally. Being the first Meeting of the Association, which was of course composed of men of every shade of political opinion, it was taken for granted that it would be held sacred as Neutral Ground, and that the topics of the Oration would be the Character of the great lawyer whose name it bore, of Nathan Dane, as the Founder of the Professorship which called him to Cambridge, with such application to the necessities of the younger members as the occasion naturally extorted. But not a bit of it. No allusion was made to Judge Story, no allusion to Mr. Dane, not a word of encouragement, exhortation or instruction to the ingenuous youth. It was a Webster-Whig political electioneering stump speech—the drift of it being that it was the peculiar business of lawyers to stand between the Constitution and the Fanatics, and to save the Union from their parricidal hands. Being done into English, it amounted to this, that the especial mission and peculiar duty of lawyers is TO VOTE FOR DANIEL WEBSTER AND TO CATCH NIGGERS! Mr. Choate may be a great lawyer and a great orator, though his claims to either character are not undisputed; but he is certainly not a gentleman any proper sense of the word. For no gentleman would have crammed a partizan phillippic down the throats of unwilling hearers whom he had collected on false pretences. The Address gave very general dissatisfaction on these various accounts—to all, indeed, excepting the most martyrly of Mr. Webster's idolaters, to whom nothing that smacks of slavecatching can come amiss. You know that a large body of the talent and respectability of the Massachusetts Bar are Free Soilers, or, at least, men who refuse to bow the knee to Mr. Webster. This made the impertinence and insolence of Mr. Choate the more marked. At the dinner, it is said, an underbred fellow from Rhode Island, rejoicing in the name and addition of General Carpenter (probably more eminent in the militia than at the bar, as no seemed to know who he was), denounced the Free Soil Party as "a miserable, conceited, fanatical faction!" Perhaps, however, his ill-breeding was to be attributed as much to an imitation of his betters as to innate and original vulgarity of mind.

Commencement itself passed over with but moderate efforts being put forth for the salvation of the Union. One of the graduates, indeed, opined that a too exclusive study of Revolutionary history was not advisable, inasmuch as unbalanced minds might think these old fellows meant what they said, and that their principles and examples are applicable to our present circumstances. And another young gentleman discoursed learnedly of "Loyalty to Law as an Element of Freedom"—the *gist* of it being that the crowning glory of Freemen is to obey wicked and cruel laws—for nobody denies the duty of obedience to righteous ones. I am quite willing to allow all due weight to the opinion and argumentation of this youthful pundit, only they must weigh down all the doctrine and examples of all history, sacred and profane, before they can prevail It is a little odd that both these patriotic babes and sucklings should boast of Andover as their nursing mother! At the Commencement Dinner it was difficult to see how it would be possible to Save the Union. Still, my prophetic heart forboded that it would certainly be done. And its prediction was not falsified. After the immemorial psalm had been sung, which has been, time out of mind, the grace of the Festivity, President Sparks resigned the Chair to Mr. Everett, the President of the Alumni. He commenced by reading a list of the graduates who had deceased within the Academic Year, with a brief account of them. One most important omission, however, he made. And who do you think, of all the world, he forebore to mention? Even poor Dr. Webster! whose latter life and death were certainly more in the mouths of all the world than those of all the graduates that ever were crowned with sheep-skin since the College was. However, he was talked about a good deal more, like Messrs. Brutus and Cassius in similar circumstances, than if his image had duly appeared in the procession. After this part of the entertainment was satisfactorily over, Mr. Everett proceeded to read certain statistics as to the proportions of life and death among the graduates, and, having despatched them, he came to those who had received honorary degrees, and then, you see, the hour of salvation was at hand. "The first living man on the catalogue," said Mr. Everett, "who received an honorary degree is—THE HON. DANIEL WEBSTER!" Then came an emphatic pause. At first, the announcement seemed to be one of a simple fact, deserving no particular notice, and, indeed, it was addressed to a good many unattending ears which had had rather a surfeit of the Feast of Skulls just finished; but soon the faithful revived to a sense of their duty to their country, and the handles of their knives and the ferules of their umbrellas suffered in the cause. The applause was not universal, by any means, nor inordinately enthusiastic. But it answered its purpose. The Union was saved again.

On Thursday came the Anniversary of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. The attendance was not large, indeed the smallest I have ever known. The Orator was the Rev. Dr. Sprague, of Albany, a gentleman famous for his love of Autographs, his zeal in which pursuit was once celebrated by the eminent Sigma in a signal manner. His subject was "the American Mind," the genesis of which he traced through the various races of scoundrels, the Roman, the Anglo-Saxon, the Norman, &c., through whose veins the American blood has crept down to this time. One quarter of his oration was a school-boy synopsis of the commonplaces of early English history, in which he took for granted some very mooted points. Such as that Feudalism was introduced into England by William the Conqueror, and his wish to supersede the Saxon language by the French, &c. It was, of course, the usual dose of *flapdoddle* administered on all such occasions, for the purpose of encouraging the retiring bashfulness of the Yankee character, which would think too lowly of itself if it were not for these occasional assurances of its wonderful merits. But for awhile I really "trembled for my country," like Thomas Jefferson, for it looked as if the morning would pass over and the Union be unsaved. But my apprehensions were happily disappointed. Ere he closed he performed the necessary duty in the fullest manner, condemning all such fellows as you and me to the scorn and indignation of posterity, in this world, with a slight intimation, if I am not mistaken, of our being turned over to the tender mercies of the Devil in that which is to come. It was, on the whole, the most *mediocre* performance I remember to have heard before the Society, and I cannot but think, with Mr. Sigma on the occasion before referred to, that Dr. Sprague had better confine his energies to the collecting of Autographs Mr. Pierpont gave extracts from a lively and sketchy poem, having consented at a moment's notice to supply the place of the Poet, Mr. J. T. Fields, which were received with much applause. At the dinner, the Union was saved again very satisfactorily, especially by Mr. Attorney General Crittenden. This gentleman, very unnecessarily, assured the company of his entire loyalty to the Union. An assurance which, inasmuch as he is one of the handful of Slaveholders who govern the country by virtue of it and are enabled to continue slaveholders by it, was quite as superfluous as that of a Town Pauper of his loyalty to his glorious union with the Overseers of the Poor, or, if he prefer the Simile of the Emperor Nicholas to his Union with his Standing Army, or of Pope Pius to his with the French troops. But it really seems as if there might be one day in the year in which even a Garrison Abolitionist, not to say Free Soilers, might have rest to his soul. But I suppose it is not in American human nature to leave a single day, or any occasion, free from the party cry of the day.

I have not any news to send you about the Subscription for Mr. Webster's Presidency. I infer that it limps a little from some of the brags that are made of its success. As for instance, the number of names obtained in the town of Dedham has been paraded as a proof of its success, it being no less than two hundred and forty-two. But the *per contra* is carefully omitted, viz, that the number of voters is more than *nine hundred*, so that if the subscribers are all voters and really friends of Mr. Webster (which is denied) they amount to but about one quarter of the voters! So his chance, even for Massachusetts, does not seem to be very good, this being a sample. The town of Dedham is a very quiet, respectable sort of place, a kind of Sleepy Hollow where Hunkerism of any sort would be likely to flourish, if anywhere. And if this is the fruit of the green tree, what can be expected from the dry ones? It is principally remarkable as having been the residence of Fisher Ames, and of now being that of your Senior Corresponding Editor. The first of these eminent men lived, died and was buried there. The latter lives there, but where he will die and be buried, is yet uncertain, and will depend, partly, upon the course of Public Justice. For as we have the infallible authority of St. Orestes Augustus Brownson, in a comic article in his last Quarterly (which fully entitles him to the Office of Grand Inquisitor, whenever that beneficent Domestic Institution of Rome shall be superinduced upon our own), that "persons associating together for the purpose of defeating the execution of any law of Congress, and in their conventions passing resolves to resist it, incur the guilt of treason," this being the case, it is past the wit of man to say what his end may not be. "We know what we are, but we know not what we shall be." To-be-sure, there is a way of escape opened to him by the editor of the *Boston Courier*, who, partaking of that strange delusion which gives to that individual the credit of my letters, copying the account of the Municipal Celebration of the Fourth in my last considerately adds that he (the Corresponding Editor to wit) "is crazed beyond all hope and therefore not responsible for the lunacy and malignity of his language." He may possibly escape, therefore, by a verdict of "Not Guilty by reason of Insanity." But I have overrun my share of space and may as well stop here as anywhere.—N. Y.

LETTER FROM MR. MELLEN.

MR. GAY:—I perceive in the account you give of the celebration of the 4th at Abington by the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, a Mr. Gunnison was called upon for a speech, or to explain his course, and as an excuse for the little interest he took in the cause of the slave gave the inconsistency of the Abolitionists in gagging me and Mrs. Folsom, though he acknowledged, I was a "terrible bore, and enough to kill any cause dead I should attempt to advocate." Without at all justifying the course pursued towards me, I should like to say a few words to this Mr. Gunnison, and the like of him. As I am the only one in *our* midst who has seen fit to take the part I have done, and as I have publicly stated to the friends, if they would cease affirming our Constitution supported Slavery, I would cease denying it. I would now ask this Mr. Gunnison why he has not taken up the subject, and, with his superior abilities, learning and eloquence, maintained the cause against the odds with which he found me contending. I have appealed to the audience against the wrong not done to me, but the cause I would have advocated; but I do not remember ever to have heard him say one word on the subject, and I now say to him, if he will take the part I have done, and maintain the right of every person in this our land to his liberty under the present Constitution, I will hold my peace; but till I do find some one to do it, he must pardon me if I do bore him whenever I have the opportunity in a public meeting. People like him require to be bored, aye, it seems as if their skulls required trepanning, or something till you reached the brain, in order to set it in operation, and to make them feel for their brother man What little I have done, I have done purposely, in order to make our people understand their rights, the colored man included. I have had to cry "Habeas Corpus! Habeas Corpus!! Habeas Corpus!!! as a man would fire! fire!! fire!!! when a building is in flames, and its inmates and the neighbors around are all asleep; and if, perchance, they can be aroused to see their danger before it is too late to save the building, I shall care very little whether I have bored some folks a little more roughly than their nerves would appear to warrant. In fact I have heard it said, I know not with what truth, that the Fugitive Slave Bill was purposely passed to arouse our people to let them see the consequences of the continuance of Slavery; how it would violate the rights of us all, and destroy the liberty of the whole people; and when we know it was passed in the excited state of the public mind, when so many argus eyes were scanning the every act of our members of Congress, it would seem as if men must have been intoxicated or foolish to have proposed such a law with every one of its clauses made the most obnoxious that could be made, if they supposed our people would submit to it.

I know not what excuses Mr. Quincy made for the course he has seen fit to adopt. I have never been able to discover a valid one yet, and have considered the course wholly and totally wrong; and if the friends would be more tolerant of one another, and let every man express his own opinion, in his own way, refute him if they can, if he should take a wrong position, it would be better for all concerned. But this calling one another crazy, and respectable physicians say so, is in my opinion wicked to the last degree, particularly when legal measures are resorted to to enforce such an opinion, as has been done to Mrs. Folsom, a woman of more than common ability, and who would put to blush, by philanthropic deeds, many who make louder pretensions. The *Commonwealth* copies from the *Courier* an assertion that Mr. Quincy is "*hopelessly crazy.*" I trust, however, they will not send Marshal Tukey after him, or think it necessary he should go to Worcester.

G. W. F. MELLEN.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT.

LIVERPOOL, July 4th, 1851.

MY DEAR GAY: Have you ever spent two weeks in London during the Great Exhibition of 1851? Have you jaunted in cabs, in 'busses, on railways, on steamboats? Have you pushed through crowds, walked up and down, and here and there, and every where, till your feet ached, cried oh! and wondered and stared till you dropped on the nearest seat, thankful for rest, unable to stare and wonder any longer? Have you seen sights in town and out of town—many of them such as can only be seen now? Have you visited St. Paul's and the Tower, and Westminster Abbey, with your young companions? Besides all this, have you held frequent and delightful communion with the British and Foreign Abolitionists now in London, who, although not belonging to the British and Foreign nor yet the American and Foreign Anti Slavery Society, are yet very tolerable Abolitionists after all—"both the aged, the middle-aged, and the beloved youths?" If you have done all these, you may have some sympathy with my present mood, now that I have arrived here from London, after getting up before four, snatching a hasty breakfast, and travelling 200 miles. I tell you, Sidney Howard Gay, I feel sodden, stupid, flustered, somewhat comparable to the state of mind of a hybernating animal on the approach of his winter sleep, or of a clock that very nearly wants to be wound up, or a boy when about to return to school after the holidays. I knew there are many good people who think that no man of my years should think of any thing but reading his Bible, going to meeting and minding the main chance. Probably, if I had a proper amount of worldly wisdom, I would declare this to be my profession of faith. But the truth is, I heartily subscribe to that wise old saw which declares that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy"—and as I had all work in the winter, I hold some play in the summer an excellent, wholesome and very pleasant thing.

My dear fellow, London is a delightful place for people who have plenty of cash, or even for people like me, who had a little pocket money. If you have the money, there is nothing you cannot get for the asking. If you have not enough for unlimited acquisition, you have such a fine time praising yourself for your admirable prudence and laudable abstinence. This is what I did. As to my Anti-Slavery friends and yours that met me there, all I need say is that if they enjoyed the opportunity we had long looked forward to half so much as I did, they had what H. C. Wright calls "a good time;" and I heartily wish us all plenty more such opportunities. I am sanguine in the expectation that, owing to these re-unions, something will be done to show the British public that the American Anti-Slavery Society is not a nonentity and its friends a parcel of wicked or foolish fanatics, as the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, by secret whisper and significant silence, have labored to make it appear. I have been sharply taken to task by some good people in Dublin, into whose hands one of my recent letters to you has fallen, for the expression of my opinion respecting the Broad Street Society and their Secretary. I have been asked why have I made such statements so personal, and with which Anti-Slavery people in Dublin have nothing to do. I answer nay; we have to do with every right Anti-Slavery instrumentality; we should sympathize with it and assist it. The British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, for the past ten years, has done all that lay in the power of its officers and chief promoters to ignore that American instrumentality which has labored with the most zeal, honesty, ability and efficiency, to lower the United States to a sense of their meanness, their folly and their crimes. What is any Anti Slavery Society in this country worth if it, so far from sympathizing with the efforts of American Abolitionists, do all in its power to ignore the esteem and defame the characters of those of them who are bearing the burden and heat of the day. Every earnest man must take a side in such a contest, and must co-operate with those who most nearly represent his own opinions. I hate to see people who are able to form an idea of the right course of action standing shilly-shallying, humming and hawing and doing nothing for the slave or his helpers.

A friend named Carpenter expressed regret, in a late number of the *Standard*, for the view I take of the Free Produce movement. I would wish him to know that I sincerely respect conscientious convictions, and I make no objection to those who abstain from the use of slave-grown produce on these grounds. I do, however, dislike all efforts to constitute this an important branch of Anti-Slavery action, simply because I think it impracticable, and therefore calculated to divert the attention of zealous friends of the cause from the diffusion of sound principles of political economy, humanity and common honesty—the want of which makes the slave interest and its claims so rampant in the United States at the present time. When a child I was given to understand that if I could only manage to throw a grain of salt on a bird's tail, I should infallibly catch it. But from the time that a bird flew away when I had succeeded in throwing enough upon its tail to stay the flight of a flock of pigeons, I found my faith greatly shaken in this species of fowling. Some years ago, the poorer classes in Dublin raised a cry for native manufactures, and they said nothing should be imported from England that could be manufactured in Ireland. Public meetings were held, a great steam was raised, and even O'Connell was forced, against his own convictions, into the movement. It lasted some months, made no impression on the public in general, and ended in a bottle of smoke. A friend of mine, who kept a large store for the sale of clothing, told me that during the whole turmoil he knew but one man give a farthing a yard more for any article on account of its being Irish, and that he never knew a single female purchaser commit such an indiscretion. I think this incident throws some light on the Free Labor Produce movement. A philanthropic effort which would depend for its success on a systematic inquisition into the ways and means, and goings and comings, of the people with whom we deal for the necessaries of life must become odious, if it were extensively prosecuted, and its advocates would soon be baffled by the temptations they would continually hold out to the dealer to throw dust in their eyes.

I am almost on the point of starting for Dublin, and have not time to tell you of the charming day we spent at Sion House, the seat of the Duke of Northumberland—of the beautiful grounds, the vast variety of the noblest trees, the elegant conservatories, the delicious bowers of roses and other flowers, the Thames and its swans, the stately apartments filled with pictures, statues, sumptuous gilding, and articles of virtu, and, above all, the kindness which threw all this wealth, grandeur and magnificence open to public view during the great national festival, as I may truly call the Exhibition.

Nor can I enlarge on the foolishness and bad taste with which the Americans in London and Liverpool are ostentatiously preparing to celebrate the anniversary of their Independence. Foolish, because every body of any intelligence laughs at them for their hateful slavecatching; and in bad taste, because the government in London set the sensible example of abstaining, on the 18th of last month, from the usual celebration of the Battle of Waterloo, in compliment to the foreigners who came over to visit the Exhibition. But who could expect a delicate perception of international courtesy from slaveholders and their abettors? Poor Abbott Lawrence, how bitterly he must dislike being made a catspaw of, on the occasion of such a ridiculous display. It is undoubtedly one of the evils of being the great man in a republic that the political aspirant has to grovel very low in order to earn his honors—and that when he has gained them, he is obliged to be continually on his good behavior, or else he is apt to lose the hard-earned favor of his fickle master.

Yours, ever truly,

RICHARD D. WEBB.

Miscellaneous News.

——DURING the month of June one million baskets of strawberries valued at $40,000 were brought into the city of New York from New Jersey.

——DISAPPOINTED.—An editor "West," says that he hoped to be able to present a marriage and a death as original matter for his columns; but a heavy thaw broke up the wedding, and the doctor fell sick, so the patient recovered.

——KIDNAPPING.—The *Marlboro' Gazette* says a white man was arrested at Bladensburg a few days ago accused of kidnapping a negro man who was in company with him, and who is said to belong to a Mr. Lyons of Charles County. The white man and the negro are both confined in jail.

——THE *Boston Journal* informs its readers with great complacency, that sixty of the boys in the Lawrence Academy, in Groton, have attached their names to a document recommending Mr. Webster to the Presidency. The *Evening Post* infers from this that Mr. Webster is looking to the next generation for the votes which are to do his greatness justice.

——AT Franklin (Ct.), the other day, a horse was grazing in a yard near the fence, when the elephants belonging to the menagerie recently in this city were passing along. The horse did not observe them till they were quite close to him, when looking up and seeing the huge animals, he started back in a fright, ran to the opposite side of the yard, stood for a moment quivering, then dropped dead.

——BENTON'S OPINION OF WEBSTER.—The Portland *Inquirer* says—

"When the Omnibus measures were first introduced into the Senate, Mr. Webster went to Mr. Benton and said to him, this will not do, Mr. Benton. It must be defeated. Now if you will oppose it I will and we will kill it. *I will do it*, promptly replied Mr. Benton,—and so he did to the last. But what was his indignant surprise when a few days after Webster threw himself into the ranks of the opposition, was appointed one of the Committee of Thirteen, and did all he could to defeat Mr. Benton and carry through the Omnibus! 'A d—d scoundrel,' exclaimed Benton, and no wonder."

——QUAKERS FOR LIBERIA.—The *Boston Journal* of Friday says: There was quite a gathering at the depot in New-Bedford this morning, to witness the departure of Eli and Sybel Jones to Liberia. They go out in the capacity of Elders or Preachers, and they intend to pass some time in Liberia, and also in visiting other places on the coast of Africa. They are said to be the first American Quakers who have ever visited Africa for the purpose of preaching *peace, love and good will*. They go out under the direction and support of the Society called "Friends." They have letters of introduction to President Roberts, from Hon Henry Clay, Bishop Waugh, and other distinguished friends of the cause, and are expected to sail from Baltimore in the Liberia packet on Sunday next.

——FLAX COTTON.—Rev. Mr. Gordon, editor of the *Free Presbyterian*, having recently passed through Northern Ohio, writes to his paper as follows: "I called on Hon. John F. Beaver, who is engaged in the erection of a large establishment for large preparation of Flax Cotton. Mr. B. is sanguine of the ultimate success of the scheme for the substitution of a portion of flax in place of cotton. He showed me a specimen of the cotton after the third process. It resembles in color and texture the common lint, made by tearing up a piece of old linen cloth. Five processes are necessary to prepare the flax cotton for the spindles. I learned from Mr. Beaver that twice as much flax had been raised in the neighborhood of Newton Falls this year as there was last year. In passing from there to Ravenna, beautiful fields of flax, in full bloom, were common along the road"

——SLAVE CASE IN PHILADELPHIA.—A colored woman, named Matilda, was yesterday brought before Judge Kelly on a *habeas corpus*. The writ was sued out by some of the members of the Anti-Slavery Society of this city. It appeared that the woman came to this city with Mrs. Augustine Swaine, from the State of Louisana, where she was held in bondage. She belonged to the estate of which Mrs. S. is the representative. There was no denial of the facts alleged by the relators, and the parties were agreeable to whatever action the Court, under the laws of the Commonwealth would take in the premises. Judge Kelly informed Matilda, that under the law of this State she was free; she could go where she pleased, being no longer under the control of her owners. If she thought proper, she could make any arrangements with her former mistress to render her future service as she might think best for her own welfare.—*Phila. Ledger.*

——THE ART OF FLYING.—A French journal has a letter from Madrid giving an account of a successful experiment with a new apparatus for flying. The flyer was a Miss Juanita Perez, who, though rather fat and corpulent, moved through the air, by the help of wings, with great ease and rapidity. She was advertised to fly a distance of above 1,200 feet, rising in the air above 600, but exceeded the programme both in height and distance. No description of the structure of the wings is given. They have a spread of some fifteen feet, are fastened by ligaments of great flexibility, and arranged so as to move with great rapidity; they make a noise like a wind-mill. The astonishment of Madrid at so novel a phenomenon is described as immense.

A Mr. Thomas Darville, at Paris, also announces that he has invented a complete apparatus for flying and that he proposes to exhibit it at the Champ de Mars in the course of the present month, when he will fly from the Military School to Challiot. He will be accompanied by his two sons, one of twenty-two and the other of seventeen years. The preparation of three sets of wings has delayed the exhibition until now. The inventor has tried his apparatus privately, with complete success, having flown across the Seine at 1 o'clock in the morning. His wings have a spread of fifteen feet, and by their help the flyer can move up and down in the air with all the facility of a swallow, skimming along near the ground or mounting upright to the sky at his pleasure.

——HOW TO DRAW THE SINNERS.—Several years ago we were a resident of north-western Louisiana, near the confines of Texas. The people there, as a general thing, were not much given to religion. An itinerant preacher happened along in the neighborhood during this dearth of religion, and set about repairing the walls of Zion in good earnest. But his success was poor. Not over half a dozen could be got together at his Sunday meetings. Determined, however, to create an interest before leaving the neighborhood, he procured printed handbills and had them posted up in every conspicuous place in the district, which read to the following effect:

"*Religious Notice.*—The Rev Mr. Blaney will preach next Sunday, in Dempsey's Grove, at ten o'clock, A. M., and at four o'clock, P. M., Providence permitting. Between the services, the preacher will run his sorrel mare, Julia, against any nag that can be trotted out in this region, for a purse of five hundred dollars!"

This had the desired effect. People flocked from all quarters, and the anxiety to see the singular preacher was even greater than the excitement following the challenge. He preached an elegant sermon in the morning, and after dinner he brought out his mare for the race. The purse was made up by five or six of the planters, and an opposing nag produced. The preacher rode his little sorrel, and won the day, amid the deafening shouts, screams and yells of the delighted people. The congregation all remained to the afternoon service, and at its close, more than two hundred joined the church; some from motives of sincerity, some for the novelty of the thing, some from excitement, and some because the preacher was a good fellow! The finale of the affair was as flourishing a society as can be found in the whole region thereabouts.—*Spirit of the Times.*

DEATHS.

FIELDS.—In Boston, 13th instant, Eliza J., wife of James T. Fields, Esq., and daughter of Simon Willard, aged 20 years.

MILLER.—At Temple, N. H., on the 7th instant, Gen James Miller, aged 76.

TOWNSEND.—At Philadelphia, on Tuesday, the 8th instant, Mary Townsend, daughter of Charles Townsend of that city.

SHAPTER.—At Williamsburgh, L. I., May 20th 1851, Peter Shapter, Jr., in the 69 year of his age, deeply lamented by his family and a large circle of friends

—He was a kind husband and an affectionate father, a firm friend, faithful and true to his word and trust, and remarkable for the Christian virtues of Charity and Faith He was more peculiarly noted and distinguished by an unquenchable hostility to Slavery. He was the first public writer that called attention to that "Higher law" that the fugitive should not be delivered up, and which he firmly believed was of the nature of a Divine command. Not more than one week before his death he expressed himself in the strongest terms against that Bill of Abominations, the Fugitive Slave Law. Oppression of all kinds met with no favor from his hands, and as he was charitable to the faults of others, yet with regard to Slavery, believing with John Wesley that it was the sum of all human villainy, his constant prayer was "that the battle might go with the oppressed." At the same time that he has left behind him to his children a name of spotless and untainted integrity, he has also bequeathed to them an undying detestation and utter loathing of American Slavery.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTIONS.

(NEW SERIES.)

PROVIDENCE, (R. I.)
Sunday, July 27.

This Convention will be attended by Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Lucy Stone, and other speakers, and will commence at 10 o'clock, A. M. Place of meeting in local handbills.

ESSEX, (Essex Co.)
Sunday July 27.

This meeting will be attended by Parker Pillsbury and George W. Putnam, and it is hoped by Wendell Phillips also.

BERLIN, (Worcester Co.)
Sunday July 27.

This meeting will be held in the Town Hall, and will be attended by Charles C. Burleigh and Samuel May, Jr.

WORCESTER
Friday, August 1.

In commemoration of West India Emancipation.—*See notice.*

CELEBRATION OF THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

THE Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society announce to the friends of immediate and unconditional emancipation throughout New England, that they have made arrangements for a MASS CELEBRATION of the glorious FIRST OF AUGUST, in the spacious City Hall, at Worcester, to be conducted in a manner worthy of the occasion; and they cordially invite the attendance of all who desire to do something towards hastening the day when no slave shall clank his fetters on the American soil, but from the Atlantic to the Pacific all shall be free, united and happy, 'with none to molest or make afraid.'

The struggle in Great Britain for the abolition of West India Slavery, in its rise and successful termination, has never been surpassed in the history of the world, on the score of disinterested philanthropy, untiring perseverance, and moral sublimity; and from it lessons of encouragement and hope may be drawn, mightily to the advancement of the cause of our own enslaved fellow-countrymen. The noble example thus set us by the mother country should be imitated without delay.

'Shall every flap of England's flag
  Proclaim that all around are free,
From 'farthest Ind' to each blue crag
  That beetles o'er the Western Sea?
And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,
  When Freedom's fire is dim with us,
And round our country's altar clings
  The damning shade of Slavery's curse?'

Particulars as to speakers, extra trains of cars, &c, will be seasonably given.

In behalf of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

FRANCIS JACKSON, *President*

EDMUND QUINCY, *Sec*

THE EIGHTEENTH NATIONAL

ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

TO BE HELD IN BOSTON, MASS., DURING THE CHRISTMAS WEEK OF 1851.

IN ADDRESSING the Friends of the Anti-Slavery Cause at the present time, and in once more seeking their aid and co-operation, the Bazaar Committee feel more deeply than ever before not only the necessity for such aid and co-operation, but an entire assurance that no representations nor arguments are needed on their part to secure both in a fuller measure than on any previous occasion.

The crime that has recently been perpetrated in our midst in the re-enslavement of an innocent man, effected as it has been by the help, connivance and sympathy of the magistrates, merchants and churches of Boston, exhibits a state of things which must supply to every heroic and conscientious person such motive for exertion as no word, however eloquent, could furnish.

Indeed, all human language seems inadequate to depict the condition of a nation such as ours. Only in the language of prophets and apostles can its guilt be made truly to appear. The fearful descriptions of apostate Israel, making 'many prayers' with hands 'full of blood,' seeking how best to unite robbery and burnt offering, may be, without fanaticism or exaggeration, strictly applied to this community and the nation of which it makes a part. Can we arrive at a more charitable judgment, when remembering that three millions of men and women, as good in the sight of God as their enslavers, their improvement, happiness and salvation as dear in His sight, are held as goods and chattels by a people professing not a mere nominal and historical Christianity, but holding, by an immense majority, to those tenets which claim and maintain the title of evangelical? It is the guilt and shame of this nation not only that it is a slaveholding one, but that at the same time it claims as its own the names Republican and Christian. The life-long misery of millions of slaves is not her chief condemnation. It is, that the light within her having become darkness, she is in reality the ally and supporter of every form of oppression, despotism and heathenism the world over. The fact that great material prosperity exists through our whole country, and that amid a large minority the fruits of virtue and morality abound, does not invalidate this statement. We may better learn from the teachings of past History how a people corrupt as powerful affects the world's destinies than from the narrow field of mere personal experience.

In view of truths like these, we would trust that with ourselves and all co-operating with us, the spirit of labor and self-sacrifice may be increased ten-fold, so that the success of this special effort may prove in some degree commensurate with the increased perils and responsibilities of our position.

Should this appeal meet the eyes of any hitherto indifferent or opposed to Anti-Slavery principles, to such we would say, 'The Abolition of Slavery is as truly your duty as ours. If you have never felt the claims of humanity before, respond to them now. In the belief which we entertain and the action flowing therefrom, we appeal for our justification to the teachings of the New Testament, to the recorded testimony of all by-gone ages as to the value of freedom and the villany of Slavery, and finally to the secret consciousness of every human heart. You *know* that you would spurn and reject Slavery for yourself or those dear to you.—Do you not blush, then, if money or ambition, or high standing in a pro-slavery and by consequence an apostate church, shall have hitherto led you to actively aid or ignore the enslavement of others?

We turn with undoubting confidence to those friends in Europe, who have sympathized so truly with us, and have in so unwearied a manner shown their faith by their works. We are laboring for the destruction of a system which is the enemy of human nature every where, the opponent of civilization, the foe of all just government, the corrupter and uprooter of Christianity in every nation where it exists. Under these circumstances, we feel at liberty to ask the aid of all of every clime, race or creed, to whom justice, humanity and freedom are words dear and sacred. We rejoice to recognize a spirit higher and holier than any feeling of nationality, uniting all who labor together from unselfish motives for the promotion of an object noble and heroic as ours—the abolition of the vilest system of Slavery the sun ever saw, by the entire and uncompromising utterance of *the truth* alone.

ANNE WARREN WESTON,
ANN GREENE PHILLIPS,
HELEN E. GARRISON,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,
MARY MAY,
SARAH R. MAY,
CATHARINE SARGENT,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,
HANNAH TUFTS,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,
THANKFUL SOUTHWICK,
SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
CAROLINE F. WILLIAMS,
MARY H. JACKSON,
ELIZABETH GAY,
CHARLOTTE S. SARGENT,
LOUISA LORING,
SARAH S. RUSSELL,
MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,
SUSAN C. CABOT,
CAROLINE WESTON,
SARAH B. SHAW,
ELIZA F. EDDY,
MARY WILLEY,
EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
ANN R. BRAMHALL,
LYDIA PARKER,
MARIA LOWELL,
ABBY FRANCIS,
ELIZABETH A. COTTON.

Boston, May 21, 1851.

PHONOGRAPHIC ACADEMY.

MR. T. C. LELAND has taken class-rooms at 205 Broadway, over Brady's Daguerrian Gallery, where he is prepared to receive pupils for private instruction in Phonography, or in Classes, and for any length of time from one week to six months. Terms for six or twelve lessons, half a dollar a lesson; from one to six months, ten dollars a month. Payment required in advance for the time agreed upon. Six lessons will advance a pupil so that he can acquire Phonography from text-books; and from three to six months will make him an accomplished and rapid writer, capable of following a speaker with certainty and ease Pupils admitted at all times, and subject to no holidays nor vacations unless they choose it.

THE HUNDRED AND ONE PICTURES OF TARDIF, THE FRIEND OF GILLOT.

[Translated in *Blackwood* from a new collection of papers "Philosophes and Comediennes" by ARSENE HOUSSAYE.]

ONE of the most celebrated amateurs of pictures in France at the end of the seventeenth century, was a certain Tardif, by profession an engineer, and afterwards secretary to Marshal Boufflers. He was the friend of Largilliere, of Watteau, and of Audran, but especially of Gillot. His criticisms went right to the mark. When a picture was finished, none ventured to pass a verdict on its merits until Tardiff had seen it; his opinion was so to speak, the finishing touch of the brush. Watteau himself, who laughed at criticism, said, when laying down his brush before a newly finished *Fete Galante*, "There is a masterpiece; if Tardif were here, I would sign it." Tardif had one of the finest cabinet collections in Paris—Rue Git-le-Cœur, No. 1. Marshal Boufflers, aware of his secretary's passion, gave him, every year, as a new year's gift, a picture from the hand of a master. Tardif himself, out of his patrimonial fortune, had purchased pictures from his friends, the living painters, and by his friends, the dead ones. So renowned was his cabinet that one day the Duke of Orleans went to visit it with Noce, which filled up the measure of Tardif's mania. Nevertheless, if the worthy man had been guilty but of this one extravagance—which at least was evidence of a noble aspiration to the poetry of the beautiful—he might have retained wherewith to live respectably till the end of his days. Unfortunately, he fell into another folly, and suffered himself to be duped by the scheme of Law. This is tantamount to saying that he lost, in that revolution of French fortunes, all that he had—except his pictures.

It was essential, however, to find means of living. Most people would have got rid of their pictures; Tardif got rid of his servants. "Go, my friends," he said, "go into the world, where money is to be earned; henceforward my household must consist of persons who do not eat; my pictures will keep me company." Tardif was old, the passions of life had no further bold upon his heart, a ray of sun was all he needed to live happily in his cabinet.

He had some wine remaining; he went down to his cellar and found with joy that his wine, now that he should no longer keep open house, would last longer than himself; that he might even, on gay anniversaries, summon Watteau and Audran to make merry with him amidst the melodious tinkle of the bottles. As he came up from the cellar, a bottle in each hand, he met old Gillot on the stairs. "Wattau and Audran, well and good," said Tardif; "but, Gillot! the barrel of the Danaides?" Before he had finished the words, the old wine-loving painter had seized a bottle and pressed it tenderly to his heart. "My poor old Gillot, here is what I have left."—"Well!" said Gillot, "every man his bottle."

For Gillot's farthest glance into futurity never reached the morrow. "Tardif," continued he, "you know that I have come to dine with you?" "With all my heart, Gillot, but there is no great matter for dinner."

They went in. Tardif put a piece of bread upon the table. "The devil!" cried Gillot, unfolding his napkin, "your style of living will soon rid you of parasites."

Tardif, however, munched his bread with good appetite whilst gazing around him at his dear pictures. "What matter!" he exclaimed; "henceforth it is not this bread and wine that will compose my repast; I will breakfast with a Teniers and a Ruysdael, dine with a Vandyck or a Murillo, sup with a Santerre or a Watteau. On grand festivals, I will treat myself to my Paul Veronese; when my spirits or appetite are bad, I will nibble your gay little masterpieces, friend Gillot." "Well said," cried Gillot, filling his glass. "If all these masterpieces were mine, I would eat them too; but in such wise that in a few years not one of them should remain. Take my advice, Tardif, and do not seclude yourself from the world with these dumb personages who already seem to mock you. Dame Nature did not give you a mouth that you should feed yourself on chimeras. You will be like the dog in the fable, who eats his shadow and goes mad." "As you please, friend Gillot. If you dislike my mode of living, you will not return to my table. For my part, I find my spirit more hungry than my flesh."

As good as his word, Tardif persisted in living on bread and wine in the midst of his pictures He gave his watch and seals to a fishwoman who opened oysters at a taverndoor opposite his windows, on condition that each morning she should bring him his bread, make his bed, and sweep his room. This woman had some remains of that sort of beauty, consisting chiefly of youthful freshness, which usually departs at five-and-twenty—or even sooner when the possessor is an oyster-seller at a wine-house door.—She sang merrily the day through, and laughed continually with all the power of her red lips and white teeth. With her cap on one side, her short petticoat and her joyous humor, she was a picture the more in the gallery, and not the worst of the collection.

Such was the state of affairs when Tardif, who at long intervals showed himself in society, met, at the house of Abbe le Ragois, the grammarian—who had been a frequent visitor at the Hotel Boufflers when Tardif was the marshal's secretary—the Rev. Father Dequet, a Jesuit, celebrated in those days, and procurator of the novitiate of the Foubourg St. Germain. Tardif, who remarked this holy man hovering about him, would fain have departed, in obedience to a vague presentiment; but, before he could do so, the reverend father got Abbe le Ragois to present him to Tardif.

"Sir," said Father Dequet, "I have heard from my friend that you possess one of the most curious cabinets of pictures in the world: will you not do me the favor to open your door to me? Pictures are the only profane pleasure I allow myself."

Tardif, who disliked visitors, and did not greatly esteem Jesuits, yet did not dare decline the visit of Father Dequet, who went to see him two days later, accompanied by Abbé le Ragois. He praised everything, the Magdalens as well as the Virgins, the Bacchantes as well as the Magdalens, with an expansive enthusiasm which intoxicated the old amateur. "I own to you," said he to Father Dequet, "that I am not exactly prepossessed in favor of the Jesuits. Your morality is far from being that of the gospel; your manner of interpreting the Scriptures is very different from mine. But, in my eyes, you are now no longer in the congregation; you are a lover of pictures, and, as such, you will always be welcome here."

The reverend father often returned to feast his eyes on Tardif's cabinet, and little by little Tardif came to consider him as a friend. His other friends—his old, his true friends, those who drank his wine and talked to him of old times—took leave to laugh a little at his infatuation with Father Dequet, and foretold to him that he and his pictures would end by enrolling themselves in the order of the Jesuits. He laughed himself, and appeared quite easy as to his fate.

On the other hand, Father Dequet did not lose his time. With evangelical mildness he pointed out to Tardif the dangers of solitude to the possessor of pictures of such great merit and value. With discreet, but seductive hand, he half opened to him the gates of the novitiate of the Faubourg St. Germain. "There need be no change in your habits: you may live like a pagan if you please, as you now do. If you fall ill, no strangers will approach your sick bed, for we shall all be there—we who are the brothers of him who suffers. You will no longer have to fear being plundered—a picture, you know, is carried off as easily as a book—we will prepare you a large bedroom, in which you can hang up the whole of your hundred and one pictures."

"A hundred and one!—you have counted them then?" said Tardif slily to Father Dequet.

"Counted—not so," replied the Jesuit, hesitatingly. "If I know the number so accurately, it is because you told me so." He saw that he had ventured too far, and that the moment was not yet come; he hastened to beat a retreat, to avoid being totally routed. "My friendship blinds me, perhaps," said he mournfully. "My sole desire, my friend, is that you may live long without uneasiness about your dear pictures. Believe me, you have too much confidence in your neighbors: for instance, that oyster-woman, who enters here at all hours, coming and going without control—who knows what tricks she may play you? Would you believe it, my friend, I have seen her three or four times at the picture-dealers on the bridge of Notre Dame?"

Tardif gave a leap like a wounded deer; the shot had hit the mark. "Gersaint!" exclaimed he, "a scoundrel who prevented Watteau from selling me his finest *Fete Galante*, Cytherea Beseiged. If ever she enters his house again, she shall never re-enter mine."

"But, my friend, you will not know it; your legs are no longer good enough to follow yonder woman, and she will take care not to tell you whither she goes or whence she comes."

"You are right, my dear friend."

"*Mon Dieu!* it was Father Ragois who opened my eyes on that score."

"But, if I dismiss her, who will bring me my bread, go to the cellar, and make my bed?"

"That is easily managed—I will send you some one from the Novitiate."

"All things considered, I would rather be my own servant; for I have already told you, that, with the exception of a few superior minds, like you and Le Ragois, I have little love for the priesthood. Nevertheless, now that I am aware of real danger, the woman shall come here no more; nor will I allow any one, with the exception of two or three faithful friends, to penetrate into my beloved sanctuary."

Accordingly, Tardif told the oyster-woman he had no farther need of anybody's services; and from that day forward he lived in strict solitude, fancying that all his neighbors, and all the persons whom he saw from his window pass along the street, were engrossed with the sole idea of making their way into his apartment, and carrying off his pictures.

Each morning he went down stairs himself to fetch his bread; he spoke to no one. Did he venture as far as a neighboring picture-dealer's to recall the happy time when he was still a picture-buyer, the key of his house was clutched in his trembling hand. As often as he met the oyster-woman he turned away his head, not to hear what she said to him. "Ah! my poor Mr. Tardif, it is my notion that you are going mad: the black-gowns have troubled your eyesight, the crows have flown across your path—my songs are well worth any that they sing you."

"'Tis true," said poor Tardif to himself, "but my pictures!" Yet he could not help regretting those still recent days, when the oyster-woman's visits imparted cheerfulness to his apartment and to his heart.

One night Father Dequet asked him if he had any heirs. "Yes," was the reply, "I have heirs—a brother and a sister: my brother has some property; my sister has a great many children, and that is all she has. I am grieved to have lost everything by Law's scheme. But for that, I could the sooner have proved to her children how much I love their mother."

Father Dequet walked three or four times round the cabinet, pausing, with a sigh, before each picture.

"Is it not a thousand pities," murmured he, "that so precious a cabinet must one day be dispersed!"

"Never!" cried Tardif.

"Simple man," continued the Jesuit, "what do you suppose your nephews and grand-nephews will do with your pictures?"

"You are right. The Burgundians love color, but only in their wine."

"Yes, my poor Tardif, they will sell your pictures to the highest bidder. Some will go to your enemy Gersaint; others to some Jew, who will hide them and deprive them of the light they live by. Some will go to America, some to China; and this beautiful Banquet by Veronese—who knows whether it will not be exposed for sale upon the quays?"

Tardif was pale as death. "You torture me," said he to the Jesuit, and clasped his hands together in agony. In his turn he made the circuit of the cabinet, gazing despairingly on his pictures. "Do you know," said he, on a sudden, turning to Father Dequet, "at night, when I do not sleep, which often happens, a strange desire—which I dare avow to no one—comes into my head, and that is, to build a subterranean gallery where I might bury myself with my pictures. But it is madness; and, besides, I am diverted from the design by the thought that these beautiful works of art would never see the sun again. But, for heaven's sake, my dear friend, let us speak of that no more. You have put me in a fever: I shall eat no supper to-night."

Father Dequet departed, leaving Tardif in the anguish of despondency. The poor man went to bed half dead. Next morning he was in a high fever. He would receive no one—not even his friend Gillot, his good genius.

The second day the fever was still more violent; death itself was knocking at Tardif's door. He did not open it, but Death remained upon the threshold, and entered with Father Dequet when he next called. Tardif's head already wandered. He had no water left, and craved a drink. "Ah! my poor friend," said Father Dequet, "I little thought to find you in your bed."

The Jesuit went down himself to fetch water.—When Tardif had drunk, he expressed his gratitude, but in so altered a voice, and in such singular terms, that Father Dequet said to himself: "This is the last stage." For two entire hours he remained assiduously by the sick man's pillow, striving to subjugate the now enfeebled mind which had so long repelled his caresses. What he said to the dying man, none ever knew. What is certain is, that at the end of the two hours, Father Dequet was in possession of the following eloquent lines, in Tardif's hand-writing:

"I give all my pictures to the Novitiate of the Jesuites, in consideration of my friend, Father Dequet, who is at liberty to take them away at once.

"TARDIF.

"*Paris, 20th May*, 1728."

Father Dequet was not the man to await Tardif's decease before appropriating his treasures. His first care was, not to take the viaticum to the dying man, nor yet to run for a physician or apothecary; neither the soul nor the body of Tardif touched his heart—his sensibility was entirely engrossed by the pictures. No sooner had he obtained the written donation than he went out, collected a dozen idlers who were on the look-out for a job, took them up to Tardif's room, and ordered them, whilst the poor man lay moaning in his bed, to carry away the pictures. With a dogged avidity, he himself took them down from the wall. The little Flemish gems, scarce larger than the hand, he laid aside to carry away in a hackney coach. The men he had brought could take but sixty pictures at one journey. He took away twenty-one in his hackney coach, thus leaving twenty in Tardif's room. He did not even tell him he was going away. From time to time, whilst taking down the pictures, he cast a furtive glance at the bed, and made sure that the poor man was becoming more and more delirious.

Meanwhile, the whole neighborhood was indignant at this profanation, this impiety, this sacrilege committed by the reverend father. But as, after all, for some months past, Tardif would have nothing to say to any of his neighbors, and as none interested themselves in an old madman, secluded from the world in a room full of pictures, the spoliation was allowed to proceed,—just as, on the stake, people suffer crimes innumerable to be committed, without thinking of interference.

The morning wore on: Father Dequet did not return. Doubtless he had to get ready a room at the Novitiate for the pictures, the majority of which were not very Catholic in subject. Suddenly Tardif, rousing himself from a doze, put his head out of bed, and called for Father Dequet. For the first time in his life he felt frightened at the stillness around him. He asked himself if he were already in the tomb. He hurried into his cabinet. Seeing the walls bare, he shouted, "Thieves!" ran to the window, opened it, tore his hair, and called to the oyster-woman, who was seated, as usual, at the tavern door, smiling at her customers as they ate her oysters and drank her health. When Tardif called her, she left her chair, and went under his window.

"Make haste!" cried Tardif, "don't you see I am dying; and if that were all—but they have stolen my pictures!"

The oyster-woman went up stairs; she bore no malice, and, besides, she had always liked Tardif, because he told her stories, and talked to her of her fine eyes. When she reached his room, she found him senseless on the floor. She took him in her arms and carried him to his bed. "He must not be left to die like a dog," she said to herself. When the sick man opened his eyes, there she was with her eternal smile. She had sent for a doctor, who soon made his appearance, and who saw that Tardif could not get through the night.

"Have you any family?" he inquired.

"They have taken everything," replied the dying man, "the best are gone; a few remain, but what is that!"

This was all the information that could be got from Tadrif.

Gillot came in. At sight of his friend, poor Tardif seemed visited by a gleam of intelligence! "Ah! my dear Gillot, why have you been so long without coming to see me? There are still a few bottles waiting for us in the cellar, bedded in the dust, as I soon shall be myself. As for me, I am now but an empty bottle." Gillot took the sick man by the hand, and tried to prove to him that he would recover.

"I am no doctor, my dear Tadrif, but if you take my advice, you will send for four bottles of wine—one for me, one for you, one for your physician, and one for Death, should he make his appearance."

"Well spoken!" cried the oyster-woman, "only you forget that I am here"

Tardif smiled his pleasant smile, as in the good days then gone by. But suddenly he grew deadly pale. "My pictures! my pictures! my pictures! You have stolen all my pictures!" He raised himself in his bed, but fell back again exhausted. These were the last words he spoke. Gillot and the oyster-woman watched beside him all that evening, and all that night. They drank his wine—of that there can be no doubt—but that was all they had of his inheritance.

At daybreak, Tardif breathed his last. The previous evening, when he was already fast sinking, Father Dequet came to take away the remainder of the pictures. The oyster-woman undertook to receive him in a manner worthy the fishmarket. Gillot, saddened though he was by the approaching death of his friend Tardif, could not help taking pleasure in the honest woman's vivid and picturesque eloquence. Father Dequet, who would fain have pushed aside the oyster-woman, to reach the sick bed—or rather the picture-gallery—was sharply repulsed. He departed, resolved soon to return with a party of lawyers. Gillot had written to Tardif's relations. The brother of the dead man, happening to be on a journey to Paris, came to call upon him the very day of his death. Gillot informed him of all that had passed, and advised him to plead against the Jesuites for the recovery of the pictures, being persuaded that so respectable a body would never dare defend such an action.

"What I have just narrated," says M. Houssaye by way of *envoy* to his tale, "is but the preface of a celebrated trial, to be found in the twelfth volume of the edition of Riche, the parliament advocate who collected the pleadings in all the curious trials of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The edition, dated 1776, was published at Amsterdam by Marc-Michel Rey. The affair of the hundred and one pictures occupies but twenty-seven pages—445 to 470.

"'After three audiences, of two hours each, the reverend Jesuit fathers of the Novitiate were condemned to restore the pictures, and to pay the value of those which they alleged to be lost. The judgment was rendered on the 9th of August, 1729. There was no appeal.

"'There were remarked amongst the witnesses, the *Sieur* Gillot, painter to the opera, and the *Demoiselle* Marie Anne Vatout, oyster-woman, who were considered to be the best supporters of the heirs.'

"The pictures reverted to the heirs, who had a sale of them, which made some noise at the time. What has become of those masterpieces, cherished by Tardif as the light of his eyes and the joy of his heart? I have fallen in with a head, full of light and spirit, unsigned, but which betrays the gay, rich brush of Gillot. On the back of the pannel are to be distinctly read the words—COLLECTION TARDIF. Poor man! If he knew that his joys and sorrows have been appreciated—more than a hundred years after his death!"

MR. THACKERAY'S FOURTH LECTURE.

WILLIS'S Rooms were crowded on the 20th of June, as usual, with all that is most distinguished in the society and literature in London. Mr. Thackeray discoursed on Prior, Gay, and Pope.

Matthew Prior, said he, early signalized himself by attacking (in conjunction with Montague) the patriarch Dryden. Did not everybody know the *Town Mouse and Country Mouse* by heart now-a-days? What!—it was not generally known? Yet, as a natural consequence of its publication, Prior had been made in those times of his, Secretary to the Embassy at the Hague. Those were the days when your fortune was made if you could turn out an epigram or a copy of verses. For of course with these qualifications you were just the man to watch over important commercial interests abroad. Prior, we were informed by Spence, was wont, having spent the greater part of the evening with the most distinguished men of his time, to go off and finish it with a soldier and his wife in Long-acre. We were not, therefore, to be surprised if his writings smacked a little of the conversation of his Long-acre acquaintances. But they were easy, humorous, showed a great deal of good sense, and perhaps the great Samuel himself knew Prior's works far better than he chose to say.

Having sketched off Prior in a few strokes, the lecturer proceeded to John Gay. Gay deserved to be, and was, the friend of everybody. His success offended nobody. Swift used to pet him, as the Brobdignag maid of honor did little Gulliver. The Duke and Duchess of Queensberry took him under their protection, and with them he had his saucer of cream, and played about and grew fat, and so died. He grew less original and diverting, perhaps, in his latter days. Gay "was a little, round French *abbe* of a man," said Mr. Thackeray. As for his writings, they bore the same relation to poetry that litte Dresden china figures did to sculpture. And the man himself, with his playfulness, his simplicity, and his good nature, was altogether like one of the Savoy boys who play the hurdygurdy

These two writers portrayed and dismissed—in a way at once so simple and so graphic—(the means so apparently trifling and the likeness so amusing, that you were reminded of the figures produced by the shadow of fingers on the wall)—Mr. Thackeray proceeded to speak of Pope. If he was not a humorist and a wit, who was one? Every man of letters should respect Pope, he said, as the greatest literary artist England has had. He perfected incessantly, borrowed an idea or a cadence wherever he could. His youth in Windsor Forest formed a beautiful picture of study and aspiration.

With regard to Pope's letters, those to Lady Wortley Montague were pert, odious and affected. His love was not edifying. He hated her afterwards with a fervor that was far more genuine. But (if you excepted his letters to women) no collection afforded more delightful reading. There was perhaps a little too much conciousness in them—a little too much that seemed to imply that the writers were addressing generations. But there was in them something fine, edifying and enobling. In these the statesmen and wise of the time held communion. And there was something grand about the air of great men. Nothing was more grand than the love and friendship the great men of that time bore one to another. How Pope spoke of Bolingbroke! "Show me," exclaimed Mr. Thackeray, "six common-place middle-aged gentlemen as friendly as they were."

He now reviewed Pope's career in detail, touching on the delicate question of his relation to Addison, and taking, on the whole, a very favorable view of Pope's character. Steele, Mr. Addison's man, and his own man too, supported young Mr. Pope. Pope was one of the Addison set when he began, and when John Dennis attacked *Cato*, he attacked the critic in a lampoon to avenge his patron. It was a mean production, and such as Addison could not love. "It was so dirty (the sarcasm here was very characteristic) that it has usually been printed in Swift's works too!" "I wish," the lecturer continued, "that Addison could have loved him better. But Addison could not bear an equal. When Pope found that his pinion was as strong as anybody's he soared on his own way. In deserting each other, they followed an impulse of nature.

Mr. Thackeray then detailed the circumstances of the publication of Tickell's rival translation from the "Illiad"—which as our readers are aware, is usually attributed to a wish on the part of Addison to hurt Pope's version. Mr. Thackeray pronounced the suspicion of Pope's friend's under the circumstances perfectly natural. He then recited with emphasis (the delivery being, perhaps, somewhat too slow) the famous line of "Atticus," concerning which Macauley has observed "that every English gentleman has, or ought to have them, by heart."—Such a weapon as this, he said, was too strong for anybody. Addison's figure bleeds from that black wound. He ought to be drawn like St. Sebastin, with an arrow in his side.

Having humorously observed that Pope was the only wit of his day who was not fat (for Punch and Burgundy shortened the lives and enlarged the waistcoats of these gentlemen)—and having noted the refinement and polish of his manners—he commented on his filial affection. His mother's love imparts something like a saint-like sanctity wherever it appears. In every estimate of his life it ought to be remembered. And his death was an *euthanasia*; beautiful was the ending of that high soul—like the veil on the ancient statue whose beauty it hides and heightens.

Next came a strong picturesque account of Pope's controversy with Grub-street—one of the most characteristic passages of the lecture. Mr. Thackeray dealt impartially with the combatants; showed that each party had a right to consider itself aggrieved. If the heroes of the Dunciad resembled in their onslaughts the rude jeering of a boorish wag—Pope did great harm to the literary character. *He* it was who associated authorship in the public mind with poverty, squalor, debt, drink, cow-heel, garrets—and lofts from which the landlady had removed the ladder.

MR. THACKERAY'S FIFTH LECTURE.

Mr. Thackeray commenced his fifth lecture, by remarking that the moral of most novels was the same, and conveyed in pretty much the same way. Vice was discomfited in the third volume, and there was an ordinary course of distribution of rewards and punishments. He alluded, then, in opening his lecture, to Swift's "Gulliver," which ladies, he said, could scarcely be expected to read, even for the sake of its wonderful wit and satire; and to Fielding's "Jonathan Wild," in which the author, selecting a scoundrel as his subject, conducted him through his career with grinning deference, saw him finally hanged, and bid him good morning. These were mentioned to show the remorselessness of the moralists of that time:—now they appeared to have no pity for scoundrels of any species, and discharged the duty of lashing them with a relentless punctuality. This exordium led up to the introduction of the name of Hogarth.

Hogarth's art, Mr. Thackeray described as being, under its moral aspect, of a good, simple character—it interested simple hearts. The moral was usually the same: Tommy, the naughty boy, meeting with a bad end. And Hogarth appeared to have no sympathy with any sort of rascals. People went to see hangings in those days, indeed, as a great moral lesson—recommended to apprentices, and the young generally. Hogarth's pictures made all the people of the past time live again for us; we saw them all moving there; we lived again in the movements of that time, in the crowds of its hangings at Tyburn—now that Tyburnia—"the most respectable district of the habitable globe!"

Having described at some length the subjects of Hogarth's chief pictures, and drawn a powerful contrast between his time and ours, the lecturer came to his personal character, which, he said, stood out clear before us like his blue eyes, with their keen bright look, in his portrait. No man was less of a hero. He was a sturdy, strong fellow, loving his friend and his glass, and having a proper *bourgeois* contempt for French frogs, French soldiers, foreigners generally—and foreign painters in particular! "Correggio," the worthy man would cry, "look at the works of Bill Hogarth! Look at my altar-piece in the church of so-and-so." In fact he seemed to think that the world was in a conspiracy to do him injustice in the matter of his powers as a historical painter. This was a common sort of delusion. Liston used to believe that nature meant him for a tragedian, and "perhaps each of us," continued Mr. Thackeray, "thinks he is something which he is not."

The lecturer next gradually approached the artist's contemporary, Smollett, described as a man of decided humor, a manly, good character, preserving his fine qualities of heart through a long struggle against ill fortune, and of brain through a protracted course of laborious writing. It was a hard fight in those days. He faced the world like one of those Scotch cadets, his countrymen, whom Scott loved to paint. A man of gentle birth and narrow means—his crest an oak tree, his arms a lion, well symbolized his character and career. Throughout his life he was emphatically a gentleman. His characters were undoubtedly drawn from the people he met in his travels. Mr. Thackeray did not rank his invention high. He was a writer of keen, bright insight into all that came before him. Bowline was as excellent a painting of character as Squire Western. What novel reader did not remember "Lismahago?" Perhaps "Humphrey Clinker" was, on the whole, the most laughable of all stories. It was full of the author's genuine humor.

Fieldings birth and employment brought him (said the lecturer, passing on now to that writer,) into familiar acquaintance with every rank of mankind. In all probability he was the very hero of his own book—a kind of Tom Jones. When he entered on London life, those who remembered the great old wits said, that young Harry Fielding was, in spirits and wit, equal to any of them. One could fancy the gusto with which he entered into the pleasures of the town—revelling in them like youths in that Homeric feast, a college breakfast. He made friends everywhere. Doubtless the effects of his life soon began to tell; he took to borrowing money everywhere; to be nowise particular where he should go for a dinner and a guinea. His dramas were written carelessly, and an amusing instance of his coolness was his leaving a part in one of them, which he knew to be bad, for the audience to "find out," and remarking with cool indolence, when the inevitable hissing began, "Oh, they have found it out, have they?"

Mr. Thackeray proceeded to say that he "could not make a hero of him." But why not take the man as he was? Why not take his figure, not dressed or hidden, but such as he really was? Beyond doubt, Fielding was sufficiently impaired by idleness, wine and ease. But there was a real love of truth in him: a true hatred of hypocrisy. He laughed a hypocrite to scorn with the widest and wisest wit. He had an eye which flashed on a scoundrel like a policeman's lantern. He respected feminine tenderness, and loved childish conscience. He might sometimes be a man of low tastes, but never of low mind. He disdained cant, was loved by his family, and died at his work.

Of his three heroes, we should like, the lecturer, thought, Andrews, best; Booth, second-best: and Mr. Henry Jones, least. It was easy to understand the mutual dislike of Fielding and Richardson, and to believe it honest in both. But Joseph Andrews, originally intended only to ridicule Pamela, soon became a loveable character. (Here, he quoted Gibbon's panegyric on Fielding, which we mention for the sake of his admirable illustrations on the subject—"to be mentioned by a man like Gibbon was like having your name written up inside St. Peters—everybody saw it.") As a picture of manners, Tom Jones was exquisite; as a work of construction, admirable. It was full of wonderful turns of thought—this great comic epic. But as to the hero, against any undue admiration of him, Mr. Thackeray begged to protest.

This protest was delivered with considerable emphasis, and it is a matter for curious observation that Mr. Thackeray should have spoken less charitably of Tom Jones, than both Coleridge and Lamb have done. He declared that Fielding's moral sense had been impaired by his mode of life. It might, he said, be a matter of long dispute whether Jones, or Blifil—Charles Surface or Joseph—were really the most dangerous to society. Booth was a better being than Tom Jones; he owned that he was a scamp, and was pardoned for the sake of his delightful Amelia—on which character the lecturer here pronounced a warm and graceful eulogium. And *a propos* of her, he characteristically observed that Booth was far from being the only man who had won by a *coup-de-main* the heart of some kind girl, who was far too good for him. He concluded by eloquently alluding to Fielding's melancholy death at Lisbon, and compared it to the wreck of one of the good ships of our country.

REPORT

Of minority of Committee on Literature in reference to the purchase by school districts of Webster's Dictionary.

IN SENATE, JULY 7, 1851.—The chairman of the Committee on Literature, unable to agree with the other members of that committee in recommending Webster's Dictionary as suitable to be purchased by school districts thoroughout the State reports:

That the importance of placing a proper standard of orthography and language in the hands of the million of children at this time attending the common schools of New York, is with difficulty appreciated. First teachings are hard to unlearn, and the spelling and pronunciation acquired at the primary schools are likely to remain fixed for life The admitted objection to introducing by authority any book as a text book into a system of schools, which owe their excellence to a wholesome rivalry among their various boards of trustees, applies with tenfold force to a dictionary. A recommendation from the Secretary of State, in his capacity of Superintendent of Common Schools, has sufficient force; and it is eminently proper that, in his discretion, he should suggest to the districts the names of books which his leisure and opportunities enable him to criticise. But when the Legislature, by enactment, undertakes to say that the library money shall be expended for the purchase of a certain work, and that unless orders to the contrary are sent to the central department, that book should be paid for by the State, and its cost kept back out of the library fund due to each district, serious mischief must result.

One successful application to the State on the part of a publisher will open the way for another, until presently the whole fund will be paid out by authority at Albany, without allowing the smallest choice to local trustees. A premium for importunity is thus offered, which must assuredly soon fill the few shelves of the district library with trash as vile as any which the ignorance of rural book-buyers, as alleged by the friends of Webster, could select.

In the case now presented to the Senate, the work proposed to be sent by authority into the twelve thousand school-houses, is one concerning which men of letters are far from being agreed. The purest writers of English refuse to admit its claims as the Standard. By immense exertions a large array of names, not unknown to fame, has been collected in recommendation of the book. Those favorable notices, however, relate rather to its convenience as a reference, than to its value as a dictionary. Sir Richard Phillips's Million of Facts is an invaluable *vade-mecum*, but is far from an English dictionary. Webster packs together a mass of words and phrases in almost every language, and calling the whole "An American Dictionary of the English language," we are asked to receive it as the best dictionary extant—as promoting great reforms in orthography, and as shedding new light upon etymology.

It is assumed that Webster is an acknowledged standard of the language. High authority may be adduced to the contrary, but it may be well to say here, that Webster has published four or five dictionaries, all differing from each other. These successive editions do not advance upon the principle first assumed, namely, that of leaving out all superfluous letters, and introducing a succinctness and terseness of spelling which would commend itself to universal esteem by its convenience and neatness. On the contrary, the Meriam edition, which the State now proposes to buy, retrogrades from the orthography of the edition of 1828 and of 1845. The word *build* for instance, is spelt in both the former editions, *bild*. A pupil in the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, lately persisted in spelling upon his slate the word without the *u*—insisting that he was right, and upon being permitted by his teacher to go to the library, at his earnest request, returned, bearing Webster open at the place, in triumph, to prove himself right. The Merian edition resumes the *u*, spelling the word *build*, and therefore does not fulfil the promise on its title page, that it contains the entire corrections and improvements of the second edition, in two volumes royal octavo. In that edition the spelling is "*bild*." Webster is but a vacillating reformer.

"Webster," says an able critic, "began his career as a lexicographer by spelling words as they are pronounced—'aker, soe, iland, steddy, wimmin, lether, imagin'—he ended by making a dictionary valuable for its definitions, scientific terms, old and obsolete words, and generally for its etymologies—although these were sometimes fanciful, and sometimes adapted to a specific purpose."

No American writers of eminence spell by its rules Neither Irving, nor Bancroft, nor Bryant, nor Hawthorne recognise its authority. The cheap publications of the Harpers have done more to create Provincialisms, a literary evil from which America has hitherto escaped, than any one who has not given attention to the subject would believe. Should the State of New York add its *imprimatur*, we may have, ere long, expurgated editions of "The Wars of Granada," or of "Twice-Told Tales," of the "Pilgrim's Progress," or the "Vicar of Wakefield," done into American prose—the spelling curtailed, in the Bloomer style, to the most utilitarian and bandy-legged proportions, and a "crebrous clandication," to use Websterian English, jingling in every line.

Washington Irving, in reply to a letter of inquiry addressed to him by the chairman of the Committee on Literature, says:

SUNNYSIDE, June 25, 1851.

Dear Sir: Several months since, I received from Messrs. G. & C. Meriam, a copy of their quarto edition of Webster's Dictionary. In acknowledging the receipt of it, I expressly informed them that I did not make it my standard of orthography, and gave them my reasons for not doing so, and for considering it an unsafe standard for American writers to adopt. At the same time I observed the work had so much merit in many respects *that I made it quite a vade mecum*.

They had the disingenuousness to extract merely the part of my opinion which I have underlined, and to insert it among their puffs and advertisements as if I had given a general and unqualified approbation of the work. I have hitherto suffered this bookseller's trick to pass unnoticed, but your letter obliges me to point it out, and to express my decided opinion that Webster's Dictionary is not a work advisable to be introduced "by authority" into our schools as a standard of orthography.

I am sir, with great respect,
Your obedient servant,
WASHINGTON IRVING.

To HON. JAMES W. BEEKMAN, *Chairman of the Senate Committee of Literature.*

Mr. Bancroft, the historian, cordially approves the opposition now made to the introduction of any dictionary by authority. He has never been willing to adopt the Websterian mode of spelling.

"Webster's career," says Edward S. Gould, in a letter to the chairman of your committee, "was a mistake, because based on false assumptions. He *assumed* that the language needed reformation, and that he was able to reform it, the latter blunder being far the greater of the two. He began forty years or more ago on the extreme of his own theory, and his first false step was to mistake the duties of a lexicographer, whose province is to *record*, not to *legislate*: to say what the language is, and not what it should be. Webster assumed the right to make and alter in conformity to his own views, and assuming that superfluous letters were an orthographical evil, and that conformity between the spelling and the pronunciation of words was an orthographical desideratum, he almost went to the extent of our cotemporaneous phonographers. Finding, however, on experiment, that this would not do, that the storm of criticism he had provoked was more than he or his book could bear, he begun to modify to suit the critics. He published (in a course of years,) five different dictionaries, all in retreat from his original ground, and stopped modifying only when he stopped breathing; and his literary heir and successor and son-in-law, *Goodrich*, thinks it strange that everybody is not satisfied with these concessions on the part of Webster!—as if a shop-keeper were to demand $5 for an article worth $1, and then, after chaffering, and finally and gradually falling to $2,50, cite the fact of his taking off half of his first price to prove that $2 50 must be cheap.

"The present difficulty with Webster's Dictionary, is its *total want of principle*. To spell words as they are pronounced, and strike out all superfluous letters, although radicalism and folly is still a principle of action; but to abandon that, and vacilate capriciously between that and the previously recognised system, is mere quackery and irresolute nonsense, and its tendency, when at all countenanced, is what we see; a confusion in orthography, such as was not previously known since the *establishing* of the language by Johnson.

"Webster's rules are both arbitrary and capricious. He changes, for example, *theatre* into *theater*, because, he says, words ending in *re*, adopted from the French, must be transposed to *er*, yet in the derivative he translates the *er*, that is, the termination, back again to make '*theatrical*.' Here the derivative does not control the primitive.

"Again, he changes *defence* into defense, because the derivative *defensive* requires the *s*—there the derivative does not control the primative.

"He changes *distil* into *distill*, 'because the derivative *distiller*, &c. requires the *l*.' Here again the derivative controls the primitive: but he does *not* change the forge*t* into forge*tt*, although the derivative forgetting, &c., requires the double *t*, so that there (still again), the derivative does not control the primitive.

"He strikes the *u* from *mould*, because it is superfluous. He strikes the *u* from *honour*, *favour*, &c., because it is superfluous, but he does not strike the o from serious, courage, &c, where it is as superfluous. He strikes out *l* from traveller, &c., because it is superfluous, yet he spells *excellent*, *vacillate*, &c., with two *ls*. He spells profit with one f, yet with the inconsistency that marks all his career, he does not strike the second *f* from *proffer*.

"It is true, he is right in his last forbearance; but he is as everywhere else, inconsistent.

"The sum of the matter is, that Webster was a vain, weak, plodding Yankee, ambitious to be an American Johnson, without one substantial qualification for the undertaking, and the American public have ignored his pretensions. One publisher of note has adopted his orthography, because he publishes his dictionary, and one newspaper editor of note has done the same thing; but beyond these two establishments, neither of which can claim any authority as umpires in a literary question, Webster's orthography is as unpopular as it is abominable, and I hardly know how our Legislature could do a greater wrong to popular education than by inflicting Webster's radicalisms on the rising generation."

William Cullen Bryant, whose name stands foremost among American poets, in his Journal of June 20th, (*N. Y. Evening Post*) says, that "so far from Webster's Dictionary is from meeting with the general acceptance of scholars and the community, that of those who in different parts of our country and of the world, employ our common language, that noble vehicle of thought which we call English, with a moderate degree of attention to its purity, there are not ten in a hundred who 'accept' Webster's Dictionary as a standard of language; nay, the majority of them have in fact no acquaintance with it."

Against such authority is opposed a list of names eminent in law, in politics and in theology, as well as in literature; men whose good nature, as in the case of Washington Irving, led them to return a courteous acknowledgment for an elegantly bound literary present. We have names such as Brougham, Daniel Webster, Thomas H. Benton, Fillmore, Polk and Zachary Taylor, a certificate signed by 104 members of Congress "that they rejoice it bids fair to become the standard dictionary to be used by the numerous millions of people who are to inhabit the United States." We have a complimentary letter from the well known and estimable Thomas Dick, of Broughty Ferry, near Dundee, and finally paraded in capitale, there is the gracious assertion of the *London Times*, that Webster's is the best and most useful dictionary of the English language ever published."

To meet this testimony, it has been shown that men whose pursuits lead them to estimate lexicons at their true value, take views very unfavorable to Webster; and it is not unreasonable to say that while Presidents of the United States and members of Congress are excellent judges of politics, clergymen equally good critics in matters ecclesiastical, and newspaper writers competent admirers of convenient encyclopedias, neither of these classes are authority on a matter of literature.

It has been urged in the report, by the senator from the 27th (Mr. Miller,) in favor of the dictionary, "that there is no one point to which the attention of the guardian of our public schools should be directed with a more watchful and earnest attention, than to the training of all the pupils to a competent and correct acquaintance with our mother tongue. Especial care needs to be bestowed on this subject, in consideration of the fact that the multitude of foreigners, with their children, whom we welcome to our shores, are all to learn to speak and write the English language, and since many of them are accustomed to another language at home, and often to a mixed and mongrel dialect, we ought, as far as possible in the district schools in which they are educated, to give them a standard, and to accustom them to its use."

Precisely because Webster is not a standard of English diction, ought we to withhold him from the children of the foreigner, who, recognizing on every page words and phrases of his own, will not fail to add others, and to hasten the corruption of our tongue; as for instance, there are French phrases like ci devant, come-il-faut, neuvaines; Italian ones, like cicisbeo, zinfornando, statcato; Spanish, such as Ranchero, Hidalgo, Donna; Dutch, as Domine; Scotch, as ingle, cannie, and so on.

For all these reasons the undersigned reports that, in his judgment, the introduction of Webster's Dictionary, in the manner proposed by the bill now before the Legislature, into the school districts of the State, would be unwise, because Webster's Dictionary is neither an English dictionary, nor a standard of orthography.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

JAMES W. BEEKMAN,
Chairman of the Committee on Literature.
SENATE CHAMBER, July, 1851.

PROGRESS OF THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE.

BY a fortunate coincidence, the general total of the American census taken last year has just been received, and we are enabled, in conjunction with the returns made on the 31st of March for this country, to measure the absolute progress of the Anglo-Saxon race in its two grand divisions, and to compare the laws of their respective growths in relation to each other and to the rest of the world. It is estimated, including Ireland and the colonies, that there is a grand total of men speaking the same language and manifesting the same general tendencies of civilization, of 56,000,000, from which is to be deducted the three millions of negro slaves in the United States, leaving a remainder of fifty-three millions, chiefly of Anglo-Saxon descent, and deeply impregnated with its sturdy qualities of heart and brain, as the representative of this advancing stock.

Two centuries ago there were not quite three millions of this race on the face of the earth. There are a million more persons of Magyar descent, speaking the Magyar language, at the present moment in Europe than there were in Europe and America of this conquering and colonizing people in the time of Cromwell. How vain, then, for men to talk of the political necessity for absorbing small races! Sixty years ago, the Anglo-Saxon race did not exceed 17,000,000 in Europe and America. At that time it was not numerically stronger than the Poles. Thirty years ago, it counted only thirty-four millions; being altogether only three millions and a fraction more than the population of France at that time, and considerably less than the Teutonic population of Central Europe. In 1851 it is ahead of every civilized race in the world. Of races lying within the zones of civilization, the Sclaves alone are more numerous, counted by heads; but comparatively few of this plastic and submissive stock have yet escaped from the barbarism of the dark ages. In wealth, energy and cultivation, they are not to be compared with the Frank, the Teuton, and the Anglo-Saxon. Number is almost their only element of strength.

Of all the races which are now striving for the mastery of the world, to impress on the future of society and civilization the stamp of its own character and genius, to make its law, idiom, religion, manners, government, and opinion prevail, the Anglo-Saxon is now unquestionably the most numerous, powerful, and active. The day when it might possibly have been crushed, absorbed, or trampled out, like Hungary and Poland, by stronger hordes, is gone by for ever. That it was possible at one time for this people to be subdued by violence or to fall a prey to the slower agonies of decline, there can be little doubt. In 1650, the United Provinces seemed more likely to make a grand figure in the world's future history than England. Their wealth, activity, and maritime power were the most imposing in Europe. They had all the carrying trade of the west in their hands. Their language was spoken in every port. In the great Orient their empire was fixed and their influence paramount. England was then hardly known abroad. Her difficult idiom grated on foreign ears, and her stormy coasts repelled the curiosity of more cultivated travellers. And the thought of a day arriving when any single European language would be spoken by millions of persons, scattered over the great continents of the earth from New Zealand to the Hebrides, and from the Cape of Storms to the Arctic Ocean, occurred to any speculative mind, Dutch, not English, would probably have been the tongue to which he would have assigned the marvellous mission. Yet, Holland has fallen nearly as much as the Saxon has risen in the scale of nations. Her idiom is now acquired by few. Her merchants conduct their correspondence and transact their business in French or in English. Even her writers have many of them clothed their genius in a foreign garb. On the other hand, our literature and language have passed entirely out of this phase of danger. Dutch, like Welsh, Flemish, Erse, Basque, and other idioms, is doomed to perish as an intellectual medium; but whatever may be the future changes of the world, the tongue of Shakspeare and of Bacon is now too firmly rooted ever to be torn away. No longer content with mere preservation, it aims at universal mastery. Gradually it is taking possession of all the ports and coasts of the world; isolating all rival idioms, shutting them up from intercourse with each other, making itself the channel of every communication. At a hundred points at once it plays the aggressor. It contends with Spanish on the frontiers of Mexico; drives French and Russian before it in Canada and in the Northern Archipelago; supersedes Dutch at the Cape and Natal; elbows Greek and Italian at Malta and in the Ionian Islands; usurps the right of Arabic at Suez and Alexandria; maintains itself supreme at Liberia, Hongkong, Jamaica, and St. Helena; fights its way against multitudinous and various dialects in the Rocky Mountains, in Central America, on the Gold Coast in the interior of Australia, and among the countless islands in the Eastern Seas. No other language is spreading in this way. French and German find students among cultivated men; but English permanently destroys and supersedes the idioms with which it comes in contact.

The relative growth of the two great Anglo-Saxon States is noteworthy. In 1801, the population of Great Britain was 10,942,646; in 1800 that of the United States was 5,319,762, or not quite half. In 1850, the population of the United States was two millions and a third more than that of Great Britain in 1851; at this moment it probably exceeds it by three millions. The rate of decennial increase in this country is less than 15 per cent., while in America it is about 35 per cent. In the great continental States the rate is considerably lower than in England. According to the progress of the last fifty years in France and in America, the United States will have the larger population in 1870; in 1900 they will exceed those of England, France, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden and Switzerland combined. Prudent statesmen should bear these facts in mind. Many persons now alive may see the time when America will be of more importance to us, socially, commercially, and politically, than all Europe put together. Old diplomatic traditions will go for little in face of a Transatlantic power numbering 100,000,000 of free and energetic men of our own race and blood.—*Athenæum.*

A CORRESPONDENT of the [Cleveland, Ohio] *True Democrat* says that the following inscriptions were taken from the grave-stones of a man and his wife, (who were Africans by birth,) in the town of Jaffrey, N. H.

Sacred to the Memory of
AMOS FORTUNE,
WHO WAS BORN FREE, IN AFRICA,
A Slave in America,
He purchased Liberty, professed Christianity,
Lived reputably, and died hopefully,
Nov. 17, 1801, aged 91.
Sacred to the Memory of
VIOLATE;
By sale, the Slave of Amos Fortune;
By marriage, his Wife,
By her fidelity, his friend and solace.
She died his Widow,
September 13, 1802, aged 73.